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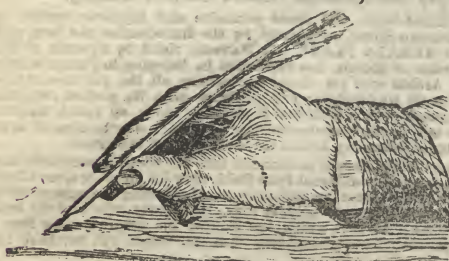
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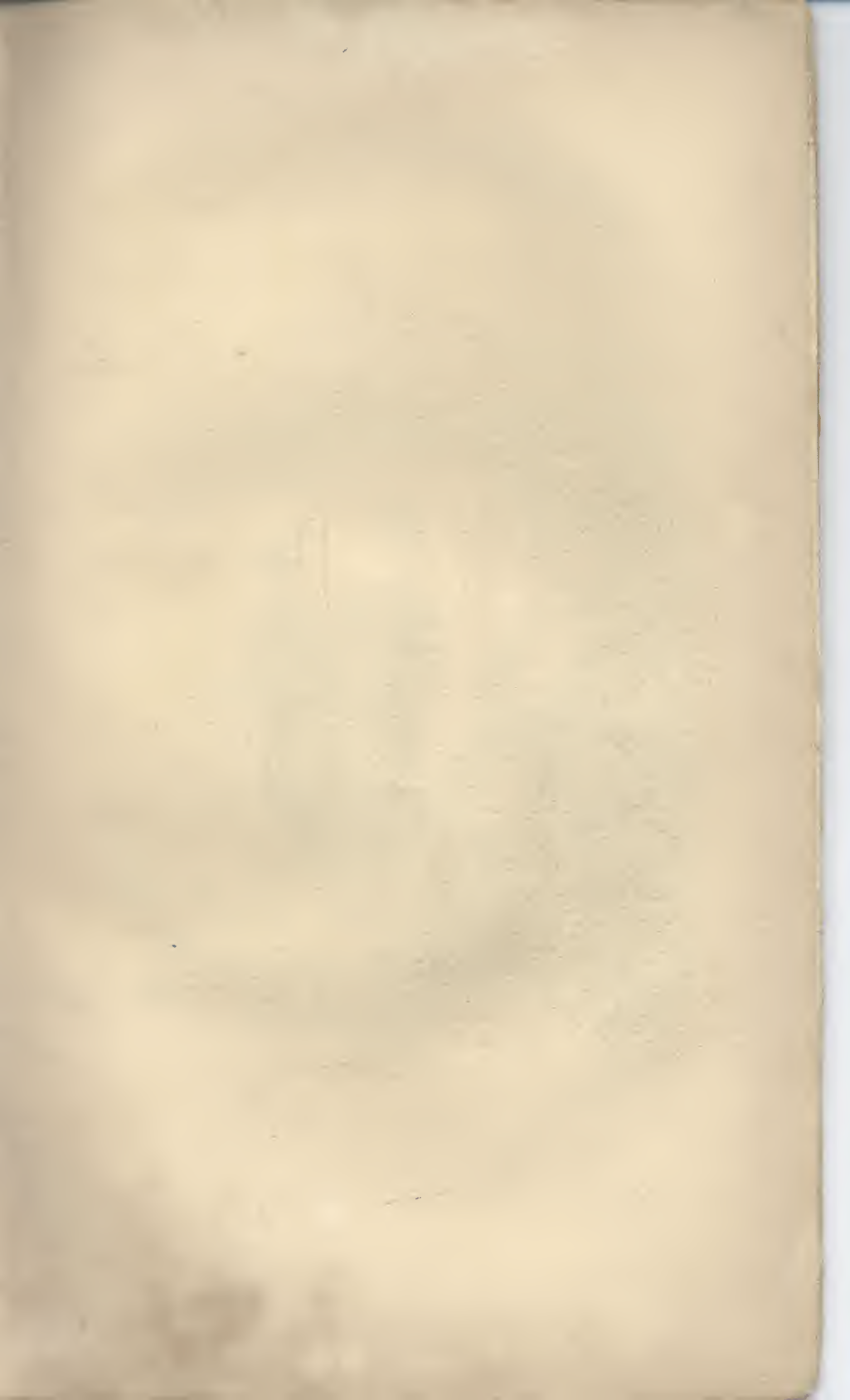
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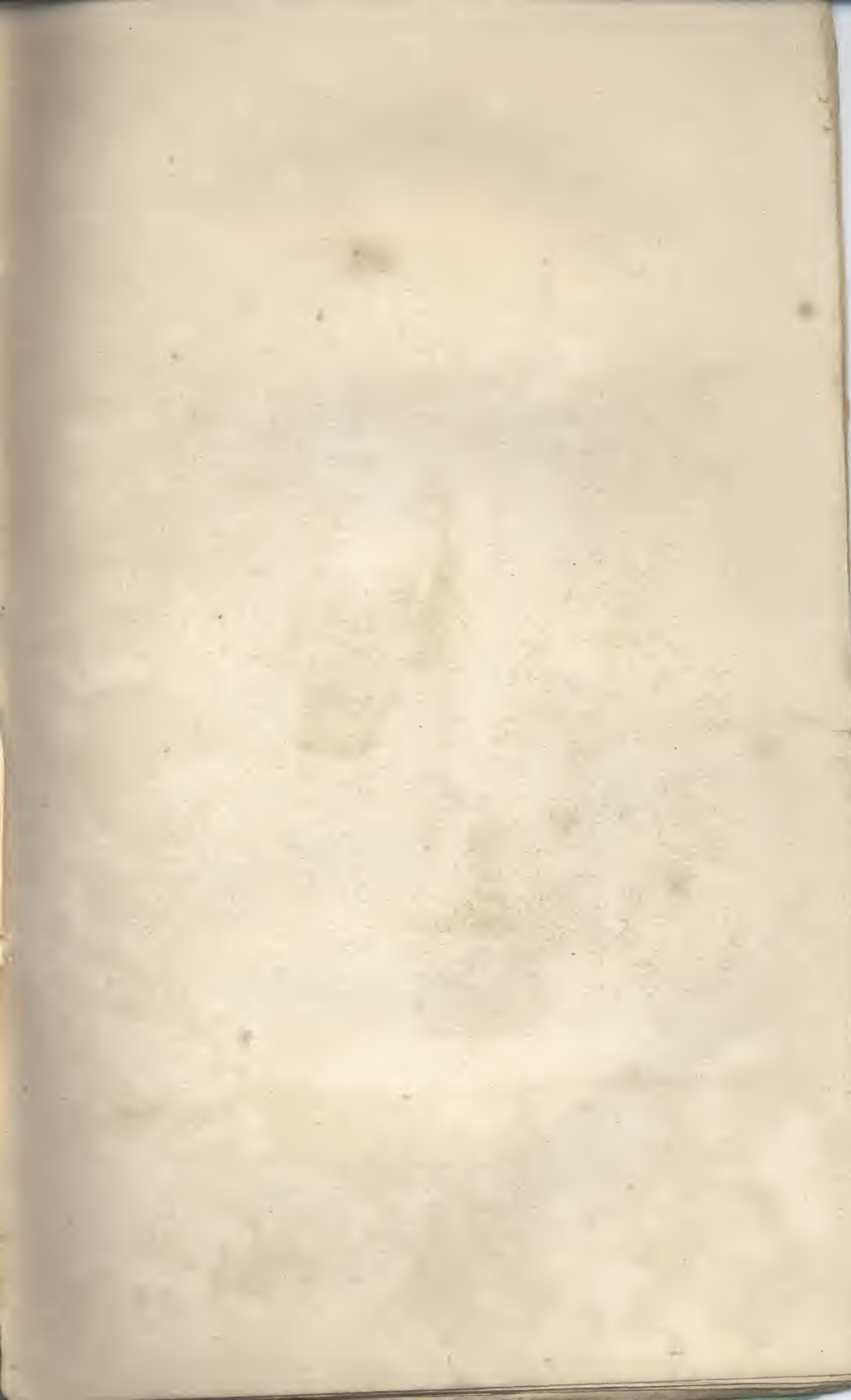
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The thriving City of Eden as it appeared on paper.





The thriving City of Eden, as it appeared in fact.

On the First of October will be Published, to be continued every alternate Month,

THE FIRST NUMBER

OF

THE BARONIAL HALLS,

Picturesque Edifices,

AND

ANCIENT CHURCHES OF ENGLAND.

FROM DRAWINGS MADE EXPRESSLY FOR THE WORK BY EMINENT ARTISTS.

THE WHOLE EXECUTED IN LITHO-TINT BY MR. J. D. HARDING,

WITH DESCRIPTIVE LETTER-PRESS AND NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD.

EDITED BY S. C. HALL, F.S.A.

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This Work is designed to supply Pictorial Illustrations of these Baronial Halls—their picturesque accessories, and the venerable edifices associated with them; the Illustrations being accompanied by such notices, biographical, historical, and descriptive, as will best introduce these old English memories of

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Fireside—the heroic wealth of Hall and Bower!”

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CHAPTER XXI.

MORE AMERICAN EXPERIENCES. MARTIN TAKES A PARTNER, AND MAKES A PURCHASE. SOME ACCOUNT OF EDEN, AS IT APPEARED ON PAPER. ALSO OF THE BRITISH LION. ALSO OF THE KIND OF SYMPATHY PROFFERED AND ENTERTAINED, BY THE WATERTOAST ASSOCIATION OF UNITED SYMPATHIZERS.

THE knocking at Mr. Pecksniff's door, though loud enough, bore no resemblance whatever to the noise of an American railway train at full speed. It may be well to begin the present chapter with this frank admission, lest the reader should imagine that the sounds now deafening this history's ears have any connection with the knocker on Mr. Pecksniff's door, or with the great amount of agitation pretty equally divided between that worthy man and Mr. Pinch, of which its strong performance was the cause.

Mr. Pecksniff's house is more than a thousand leagues away ; and again this happy chronicle has Liberty and Moral Sensibility for its high companions. Again it breathes the blessed air of Independence ; again it contemplates with pious awe that moral sense which renders unto Cæsar nothing that is his ; again inhales that sacred atmosphere which was the life of him—oh noble patriot, with many followers!—who dreamed of Freedom in a slave's embrace, and waking sold her offspring and his own in public markets.

How the wheels clank and rattle, and the tram-road shakes, as the train rushes on ! And now the engine yells, as it were lashed and tortured like a living labourer, and writhed in agony. A poor fancy ; for steel and iron are of infinitely greater account, in this commonwealth, than flesh and blood. If the cunning work of man be urged beyond its power of endurance, it has within it the elements of its own revenge ; whereas the wretched mechanism of the Divine Hand is dangerous with no such property, but may be tampered with, and crushed, and broken, at the driver's pleasure. Look at that engine ! It shall cost a man more dollars in the way of penalty and fine, and satisfaction of the outraged law, to deface in wantonness that senseless mass of metal, than to take the lives of twenty human creatures ! Thus the stars wink upon the bloody stripes ; and Liberty pulls down her cap upon her eyes, and owns Oppression in its vilest aspect, for her sister.

The engine-driver of the train whose noise awoke us to the present chapter, was certainly troubled with no such reflections as these ; nor is it very probable that his mind was disturbed by any reflections at all. He leaned with folded arms and crossed legs against the side of the carriage, smoking ; and, except when he expressed, by a grunt as short as his pipe, his approval of some particularly dexterous aim on the part of his colleague, the fireman, who beguiled his leisure by throwing logs of wood from the tender at the numerous stray cattle on the line, he preserved a composure so immovable, and an indifference so complete, that if the locomotive had been a sucking-pig, he could not have been

more perfectly indifferent to its doings. Notwithstanding the tranquil state of this officer, and his unbroken peace of mind, the train was proceeding with tolerable rapidity ; and the rails being but poorly laid, the jolts and bumps it met with in its progress were neither slight nor few.

There were three great caravans or cars attached. The ladies' car, the gentlemen's car, and the car for negroes : the latter painted black, as an appropriate compliment to its company. Martin and Mark Tapley were in the first, as it was the most comfortable ; and, being far from full, received other gentlemen who, like them, were unblessed by the society of ladies of their own. They were seated side by side, and were engaged in earnest conversation.

"And so, Mark," said Martin, looking at him with an anxious expression,—“and so you are glad we have left New York far behind us, are you ?”

“Yes, sir,” said Mark. “I am. Precious glad.”

“Were you not ‘jolly’ there ?” asked Martin.

“On the contrary, sir,” returned Mark. “The jolliest week as ever I spent in my life, was that there week at Pawkins’s.”

“What do you think of our prospects ?” inquired Martin, with an air that plainly said he had avoided the question for some time.

“Uncommon bright, sir,” returned Mark. “Impossible for a place to have a better name, sir, than the Walley of Eden. No man couldn’t think of settling in a better place than the Walley of Eden. And I’m told,” added Mark after a pause, “as there’s lots of serpents there, so we shall come out, quite complete and reg’lar.”

So far from dwelling upon this agreeable piece of information with the least dismay, Mark’s face grew radiant as he called it to mind : so very radiant, that a stranger might have supposed he had all his life been yearning for the society of serpents, and now hailed with delight the approaching consummation of his fondest wishes.

“Who told you that ?” asked Martin, sternly.

“A military officer,” said Mark.

“Confound you for a ridiculous fellow !” cried Martin, laughing heartily in spite of himself. “What military officer ? you know they spring up in every field”—

“As thick as scarecrows in England, sir,” interposed Mark, “which is a sort of militia themselves, being entirely coat and wescoat, with a stick inside. Ha, ha !—Don’t mind me, sir ; it’s my way sometimes. I can’t help being jolly.—Why it was one of them invading conquerors at Pawkins’s, as told me. ‘Am I rightly informed,’ he says—not exactly through his nose, but as if he’d got a stoppage in it, very high up—that you’re a going to the Walley of Eden ?” “I heard some talk on it,” I told him. “Oh !” says he, “if you should ever happen to go to bed there—you *may*, you know,” he says, “in course of time as civilisation progresses—don’t forget to take a axe with you.” I looks at him tolerable hard. “Fleas ?” says I. “And more,” says he. “Wampires ?” says I. “And more,” says he. “Musquitoes, perhaps ?” says I. “And more,” says he. “What more ?” says I. “Snakes more,” says he ; rattlesnakes. You’re right to a certain extent, stranger ; there

air some catawampous chawers in the small way too, as graze upon a human pretty strong; but don't mind *them*—they're company. It's snakes' he says, 'as you'll object to: and whenever you wake and see one in a upright poster on your bed,' he says, 'like a corkscrew with the handle off a sittin' on its bottom ring, cut him down, for he means venom.'

"Why didn't you tell me this before!" cried Martin, with an expression of face which set off the cheerfulness of Mark's visage to great advantage.

"I never thought on it, sir," said Mark. "It come in at one ear, and went out at the other. But Lord love us, he was one of another Company I dare say, and only made up the story that we might go to his Eden, and not the opposition one."

"There's some probability in that," observed Martin. "I can honestly say that I hope so, with all my heart."

"I've not a doubt about it, sir," returned Mark, who, full of the inspiring influence of the anecdote upon himself, had for the moment forgotten its probable effect upon his master: "anyhow, we must live, you know, sir."

"Live!" cried Martin. "Yes, it's easy to say live; but if we should happen not to wake when rattlesnakes are making corkscrews of themselves upon our beds, it may not be so easy to do it."

"And that's a fact," said a voice so close in his ear that it tickled him. "That's dreadful true."

Martin looked round, and found that a gentleman, on the seat behind, had thrust his head between himself and Mark, and sat with his chin resting on the back rail of their little bench, entertaining himself with their conversation. He was as languid and listless in his looks, as most of the gentlemen they had seen; his cheeks were so hollow that he seemed to be always sucking them in; and the sun had burnt him—not a wholesome red or brown, but dirty yellow. He had bright dark eyes, which he kept half closed; only peeping out of the corners, and even then with a glance that seemed to say, "Now you won't overreach me: you want to, but you won't." His arms rested carelessly on his knees as he leant forward; in the palm of his left hand, as English rustics have their slice of cheese, he had a cake of tobacco; in his right a penknife. He struck into the dialogue with as little reserve as if he had been specially called in, days before, to hear the arguments on both sides, and favour them with his opinion; and he no more contemplated or cared for the possibility of their not desiring the honour of his acquaintance or interference in their private affairs, than if he had been a bear or a buffalo.

"That," he repeated, nodding condescendingly to Martin, as to an outer barbarian and foreigner, "is dreadful true. Darn all manner of vermin."

Martin could not help frowning for a moment, as if he were disposed to insinuate that the gentleman had unconsciously "darned" himself. But remembering the wisdom of doing at Rome as Romans do, he smiled with the pleasantest expression he could assume upon so short a notice.

Their new friend said no more just then, being busily employed in cutting a quid or plug from his cake of tobacco, and whistling softly to himself the while. When he had shaped it to his liking, he took out his old plug, and deposited the same on the back of the seat between Mark and Martin, while he thrust the new one into the hollow of his cheek, where it looked like a large walnut, or tolerable pippin. Finding it quite satisfactory, he stuck the point of his knife into the old plug, and holding it out for their inspection, remarked with the air of a man who had not lived in vain, that it was "used up considerable." Then he tossed it away; put his knife into one pocket and his tobacco into another; rested his chin upon the rail as before; and approving of the pattern on Martin's waistcoat, reached out his hand to feel the texture of that garment.

"What do you call this now?" he asked.

"Upon my word," said Martin, "I don't know what it's called."

"It'll cost a dollar or more a yard, I reckon?"

"I really don't know."

"In my country," said the gentleman, "we know the cost of our own pro-duce."

Martin not discussing the question, there was a pause.

"Well!" resumed their new friend, after staring at them intently during the whole interval of silence: "how's the unnat'ral old parent by this time?"

Mr. Tapley, regarding this enquiry as only another version of the impertinent English question—"How's your mother?"—would have resented it instantly, but for Martin's prompt interposition.

"You mean the old country?" he said.

"Ah!" was the reply. "How's she! Progressing back'ards, I expect, as usual? Well! How's Queen Victoria?"

"In good health, I believe," said Martin.

"Queen Victoria won't shake in her royal shoes at all, when she hears to-morrow named," observed the stranger. "No."

"Not that I am aware of. Why should she?"

"She won't be taken with a cold chill, when she realises what is being done in these diggings," said the stranger. "No."

"No," said Martin. "I think I could take my oath of that."

The strange gentleman looked at him as if in pity for his ignorance or prejudice, and said:

"Well, sir, I tell you this—there ain't a çn-gine with its biler bust, in God A'mighty's free U-nited States, so fixed, and nipped, and frizzled to a most e-tarnal smash, as that young critter, in her luxurious lo-cation in the Tower of London, will be, when she reads the next double-extra Watertoast Gazette."

Several other gentlemen had left their seats and gathered round during the foregoing dialogue. They were highly delighted with this speech. One very lank gentleman, in a loose limp white cravat, a long white waistcoat, and a black great-coat, who seemed to be in authority among them, felt called upon to acknowledge it.

"Hem! Mr. La Fayette Kettle," he said, taking off his hat.

There was a grave murmur of "Hush!"

"Mr. La Fayette Kettle! Sir!"

Mr. Kettle bowed.

"In the name of this company, sir, and in the name of our common country, and in the name of that righteous cause of holy sympathy in which we are engaged, I thank you. I thank you, sir, in the name of the Watertoast Sympathizers; and I thank you, sir, in the name of the Watertoast Gazette; and I thank you, sir, in the name of the star-spangled banner of the Great United States, for your eloquent and categorical exposition. And if, sir," said the speaker, poking Martin with the handle of his umbrella to bespeak his attention, for he was listening to a whisper from Mark; "if, sir, in such a place, and at such a time, I might venture to conclude with a sentiment, glancing—however slantin'dicularly—at the subject in hand, I would say, sir, May the British Lion have his talons eradicated by the noble bill of the American Eagle, and be taught to play upon the Irish Harp and the Scotch Fiddle that music which is breathed in every empty shell that lies upon the shores of green Co-lumbia!"

Here the lank gentleman sat down again, amidst a great sensation; and every one looked very grave.

"General Choke," said Mr. La Fayette Kettle, "you warm my heart; sir, you warm my heart. But the British Lion is not unrepresented here, sir; and I should be glad to hear his answer to those remarks."

"Upon my word," cried Martin, laughing, "since you do me the honour to consider me his representative, I have only to say that I never heard of Queen Victoria reading the What's-his-name Gazette, and that I should scarcely think it probable."

General Choke smiled upon the rest, and said, in patient and benignant explanation:

"It is sent to her, sir. It is sent to her. Per Mail."

"But if it is addressed to the Tower of London, it would hardly come to hand, I fear," returned Martin: "for she don't live there."

"The Queen of England, gentlemen," observed Mr. Tapley, affecting the greatest politeness, and regarding them with an immovable face, "usually lives in the Mint, to take care of the money. She has lodgings, in virtue of her office, with the Lord Mayor at the Mansion-House; but don't often occupy them, in consequence of the parlour chimney smoking."

"Mark," said Martin, "I shall be very much obliged to you if you'll have the goodness not to interfere with preposterous statements, however jocose they may appear to you. I was merely remarking, gentlemen—though it's a point of very little import—that the Queen of England does not happen to live in the Tower of London."

"General!" cried Mr. La Fayette Kettle. "You hear?"

"General!" echoed several others. "General!"

"Hush! Pray, silence!" said General Choke, holding up his hand, and speaking with a patient and complacent benevolence that was quite touching. "I have always remarked it as a very extraordinary circumstance, which I impute to the nature of British Institutions and their tendency to suppress that popular inquiry and information which

air so widely diffused even in the trackless forests of this vast Continent of the Western Ocean ; that the knowledge of Britishers themselves on such points is not to be compared with that possessed by our intelligent and locomotive citizens. This is interesting, and confirms my observation. When you say, sir," he continued, addressing Martin, "that your Queen does not reside in the Tower of London, you fall into an error, not uncommon to your countrymen, even when their abilities and moral elements air such as to command respect. But, sir, you air wrong. She *does* live there—"

"When she is at the Court of Saint James's ;" interposed Kettle.

"When she is at the Court of Saint James's, of course," returned the General, in the same benignant way : "for if her location was in Windsor Pavilion it could n't be in London at the same time. Your Tower of London, sir," pursued the General, smiling with a mild consciousness of his knowledge, "is nat'rally your royal residence. Being located in the immediate neighbourhood of your Parks, your Drives, your Triumphant Arches, your Opera, and your Royal Almacks, it nat'rally suggests itself as the place for holding a luxurious and thoughtless court. And, consequently," said the General, "consequently, the court is held there."

"Have you been in England ?" asked Martin.

"In print I have, sir," said the General, "not otherwise. We air a reading people here, sir. You will meet with much information among us that will surprise you, sir."

"I have not the least doubt of it," returned Martin. But here he was interrupted by Mr. La Fayette Kettle, who whispered in his ear :

"You know General Choke ?"

"No," returned Martin, in the same tone.

"You know what he is considered ?"

"One of the most remarkable men in the country ?" said Martin, at a venture.

"That's a fact," rejoined Kettle. "I was sure you must have heard of him !"

"I think," said Martin, addressing himself to the General again, "that I have the pleasure of being the bearer of a letter of introduction to you, sir. From Mr. Bevan, of Massachusetts," he added, giving it to him.

The General took it and read it attentively : now and then stopping to glance at the two strangers. When he had finished the note, he came over to Martin, sat down by him, and shook hands.

"Well !" he said, "and you think of settling in Eden ?"

"Subject to your opinion, and the agent's advice," replied Martin.

"I am told there is nothing to be done in the old towns."

"I can introduce you to the agent, sir," said the General. "I know him. In fact, I am a member of the Eden Land Corporation myself."

This was serious news to Martin, for his friend had laid great stress upon the General's having no connection, as he thought, with any land company, and therefore being likely to give him disinterested advice. The General explained that he had joined the Corporation only a few

weeks ago, and that no communication had passed between himself and Mr. Bevan since.

"We have very little to venture," said Martin anxiously—"only a few pounds—but it is our all. Now, do you think that for one of my profession, this would be a speculation with any hope or chance in it?"

"Well!" observed the General, gravely, "if there was n't any hope or chance in the speculation, it would n't have engaged my dollars, I opionate."

"I don't mean for the sellers," said Martin. "For the buyers—for the buyers!"

"For the buyers, sir?" observed the General, in a most impressive manner. "Well! you come from an old country: from a country, sir, that has piled up golden calves as high as Babel, and worshipped 'em for ages. We are a new country, sir; man is in a more primeval state here, sir; we have not the excuse of having lapsed in the slow course of time into degenerate practices; we have no false gods; man, sir, here, is man in all his dignity. We fought for that or nothing. Here am I, sir," said the General, setting up his umbrella to represent himself; and a villanous-looking umbrella it was; a very bad counter to stand for the sterling coin of his benevolence: "here am I with gray hairs, sir, and a moral sense. Would I, with my principles, invest capital in this speculation if I did n't think it full of hopes and chances for my brother man?"

Martin tried to look convinced, but he thought of New York, and found it difficult.

"What are the Great United States for, sir," pursued the General, "if not for the regeneration of man? But it is natral in you to make such an enquery, for you come from England, and you do not know my country."

"Then you think," said Martin, "that allowing for the hardships we are prepared to undergo, there is a reasonable—Heaven knows we don't expect much—a reasonable opening in this place?"

"A reasonable opening in Eden, sir! But see the agent, see the agent; see the maps, and plans, sir; and conclude to go or stay, according to the natur' of the settlement. Eden hadn't need to go a begging yet, sir," remarked the General.

"It is an awful lovely place, sure-ly. And frightful wholesome, likewise!" said Mr. Kettle, who had made himself a party to this conversation as a matter of course.

Martin felt that to dispute such testimony, for no better reason than because he had his secret misgivings on the subject, would be ungentlemanly and indecent. So he thanked the General for his promise to put him in personal communication with the agent; and "concluded" to see that officer next morning. He then begged the General to inform him who the Watertoast Sympathizers were, of whom he had spoken in addressing Mr. La Fayette Kettle, and on what grievances they bestowed their Sympathy. To which the General, looking very serious, made answer, that he might fully enlighten himself on those points to-morrow by attending a Great Meeting of the Body, which would then be held at the

town to which they were travelling: "over which, sir," said the General, "my fellow-citizens have called on me to preside."

They came to their journey's end late in the evening. Close to the railway was an immense white edifice, like an ugly hospital, on which was painted "NATIONAL HOTEL." There was a wooden gallery or verandah in front, in which it was rather startling, when the train stopped, to behold a great many pairs of boots and shoes, and the smoke of a great many cigars, but no other evidences of human habitation. By slow degrees, however, some heads and shoulders appeared, and connecting themselves with the boots and shoes, led to the discovery that certain gentlemen boarders, who had a fancy for putting their heels where the gentlemen boarders in other countries usually put their heads, were enjoying themselves after their own manner, in the cool of the evening.

There was a great bar-room in this hotel, and a great public room in which the general table was being set out for supper. There were interminable whitewashed staircases, long whitewashed galleries up stairs and down stairs, scores of little whitewashed bedrooms, and a four-sided verandah to every story in the house, which formed a large brick square with an uncomfortable court-yard in the centre: where some clothes were drying. Here and there, some yawning gentlemen lounged up and down with their hands in their pockets; but within the house and without, wherever half a dozen people were collected together, there, in their looks, dress, morals, manners, habits, intellect and conversation, were Mr. Jefferson Brick, Colonel Diver, Major Pawkins, General Choke, and Mr. La Fayette Kettle, over, and over, and over again. They did the same things; said the same things; judged all subjects by, and reduced all subjects to, the same standard. Observing how they lived, and how they were always in the enchanting company of each other, Martin even began to comprehend their being the social, cheerful, winning, airy men they were.

At the sounding of a dismal gong, this pleasant company went trooping down from all parts of the house to the public room; while from the neighbouring stores other guests came flocking in, in shoals; for half the town, married folks as well as single, resided at the National Hotel. Tea, coffee, dried meats, tongue, ham, pickles, cake, toast, preserves, and bread and butter, were swallowed with the usual ravaging speed; and then, as before, the company dropped off by degrees, and lounged away to the desk, the counter, or the bar-room. The ladies had a smaller ordinary of their own, to which their husbands and brothers were admitted if they chose; and in all other respects they enjoyed themselves as at Pawkins's.

"Now Mark, my good fellow," said Martin, closing the door of his little chamber, "we must hold a solemn council, for our fate is decided to-morrow morning. You are determined to invest these savings of yours in the common stock, are you?"

"If I hadn't been determined to make that wentur, sir," answered Mr. Tapley, "I shouldn't have come."

"How much is there here, did you say?" asked Martin, holding up a little bag.

"Thirty-seven pound ten and sixpence. The Savings' Bank said so, at least. I never counted it. But *they* know, bless you," said Mark, with a shake of the head expressive of his unbounded confidence in the wisdom and arithmetic of those Institutions.

"The money we brought with us," said Martin, "is reduced to a few shillings less than eight pounds."

Mr. Tapley smiled, and looked all manner of ways, that he might not be supposed to attach any importance to this fact.

"Upon the ring—*her* ring, Mark," said Martin, looking ruefully at his empty finger—

"Ah!" sighed Mr. Tapley. "Beg your pardon, sir."

"We raised, in English money, fourteen pounds. So, even with that, your share of the stock is still very much the larger of the two, you see. Now Mark," said Martin, in his old way, just as he might have spoken to Tom Pinch, "I have thought of a means of making this up to you,—more than making it up to you, I hope,—and very materially elevating your prospects in life."

"Oh! don't talk of that, you know, sir," returned Mark. "I don't want no elevating, sir. I'm all right enough, sir, *I* am."

"No, but hear me," said Martin, "because this is very important to you, and a great satisfaction to me. Mark, you shall be a partner in the business: an equal partner with myself. I will put in, as my additional capital, my professional knowledge and ability; and half the annual profits, as long as it is carried on, shall be yours."

Poor Martin! for ever building castles in the air. For ever, in his very selfishness, forgetful of all but his own teeming hopes and sanguine plans. Swelling, at that instant, with the consciousness of patronising and most munificently rewarding Mark!

"I don't know, sir," Mark rejoined, much more sadly than his custom was, though from a very different cause than Martin supposed, "what I can say to this, in the way of thanking you. I'll stand by you, sir, to the best of my ability, and to the last. That's all."

"We quite understand each other, my good fellow," said Martin, rising in self-approval and condescension. "We are no longer master and servant, but friends and partners; and are mutually gratified. If we determine on Eden, the business shall be commenced as soon as we get there. Under the name," said Martin, who never hammered upon an idea that wasn't red hot, "under the name of Chuzzlewit and Tapley."

"Lord love you, sir," cried Mark, "don't have my name in it. I ain't acquainted with the business, sir. I must be Co., I must. I've often thought," he added, in a low voice, "as I should like to know a Co.; but I little thought as ever I should live to be one."

"You shall have your own way, Mark."

"Thank'e, sir. If any country gentleman thereabouts, in the public way, or otherwise, wanted such a thing as a skittle-ground made, I could take that part of the bis'ness, sir."

"Against any architect in the States," said Martin. "Get a couple of sherry-cobblers, Mark, and we'll drink success to the firm."

Either he forgot already (and often afterwards), that they were no longer master and servant, or considered this kind of duty to be among the legitimate functions of the Co. But Mark obeyed with his usual alacrity ; and before they parted for the night, it was agreed between them that they should go together to the agent's in the morning, but that Martin should decide the Eden question, on his own sound judgment. And Mark made no merit, even to himself in his jollity, of this concession ; perfectly well knowing that the matter would come to that in the end, any way.

The General was one of the party at the public table next day, and after breakfast suggested that they should wait upon the agent without loss of time. They, desiring nothing more, agreed ; so off they all four started for the office of the Eden Settlement, which was almost within rifle-shot of the National Hotel.

It was a small place—something like a turnpike. But a great deal of land may be got into a dice-box, and why may not a whole territory be bargained for, in a shed ? It was but a temporary office too ; for the Edeners were “going” to build a superb establishment for the transaction of their business, and had already got so far as to mark out the site : which is a great way in America. The office-door was wide open, and in the door-way was the agent : no doubt a tremendous fellow to get through his work, for he seemed to have no arrears, but was swinging backwards and forwards in a rocking-chair, with one of his legs planted high up against the door-post, and the other doubled up under him, as if he were hatching his foot.

He was a gaunt man in a huge straw hat, and a coat of green stuff. The weather being hot, he had no cravat, and wore his shirt collar wide open ; so that every time he spoke something was seen to twitch and jerk up in his throat, like the little hammers in a harpsichord when the notes are struck. Perhaps it was the Truth feebly endeavouring to leap to his lips. If so, it never reached them.

Two gray eyes lurked deep within this agent's head, but one of them had no sight in it, and stood stock still. With that side of his face he seemed to listen to what the other side was doing. Thus each profile had a distinct expression ; and when the moveable side was most in action, the rigid one was in its coldest state of watchfulness. It was like turning the man inside out, to pass to that view of his features in his liveliest mood, and see how calculating and intent they were.

Each long black hair upon his head hung down as straight as any plummet line, but rumpled tufts were on the arches of his eyes, as if the crow whose foot was deeply printed in the corners, had pecked and torn them in a savage recognition of his kindred nature as a bird of prey.

Such was the man whom they now approached, and whom the General saluted by the name of Scadder.

“Well, Gen’ral,” he returned, “and how are you ?”

“Active and spry, sir, in my country's service and the sympathetic cause. Two gentlemen on business, Mr. Scadder.”

He shook hands with each of them—nothing is done in America without shaking hands—then went on rocking.

"I think I know what bis'ness you have brought these strangers here upon, then, Gen'ral?"

"Well, sir. I expect you may."

"You air a tongue-y person, Gen'ral. For you talk too much, and that's a fact," said Scadder. "You speak a-larming well in public, but you didn't ought to go ahead so fast in private. Now!"

"If I can realise your meaning, ride me on a rail!" returned the General, after pausing for consideration.

"You know we didn't wish to sell the lots off right away to any loafer as might bid," said Scadder; "but had con-cluded to reserve 'em for Aristocrats of Natur'. Yes!"

"And they are here, sir!" cried the General with warmth. "They are here, sir!"

"If they air here," returned the agent, in reproachful accents, "that's enough. But you didn't ought to have your dander ris with me, Gen'ral."

The General whispered Martin that Scadder was the honestest fellow in the world, and that he wouldn't have given him offence designedly, for ten thousand dollars.

"I do my duty; and I raise the dander of my feller critturs, as I wish to serve," said Scadder in a low voice, looking down the road and rocking still. "They rile up rough, along of my objecting to their selling Eden off too cheap. That's human natur'! Well!"

"Mr. Scadder," said the General, assuming his oratorical deportment. "Sir! Here is my hand, and here my heart. I esteem you, sir, and ask your pardon. These gentlemen air friends of mine, or I would not have brought 'em here, sir, being well aware, sir, that the lots at present go entirely too cheap. But these air friends, sir; these air partick'ler friends."

Mr. Scadder was so satisfied by this explanation, that he shook the General warmly by the hand, and got out of the rocking-chair to do it. He then invited the General's particular friends to accompany him into the office. As to the General, he observed, with his usual benevolence, that being one of the company, he wouldn't interfere in the transaction on any account; so he appropriated the rocking-chair to himself, and looked at the prospect, like a good Samaritan waiting for a traveller.

"Heyday!" cried Martin, as his eye rested on a great plan which occupied one whole side of the office. Indeed, the office had little else in it, but some geological and botanical specimens, one or two rusty ledgers, a homely desk, and a stool. "Heyday! what's that?"

"That's Eden," said Scadder, picking his teeth with a sort of young bayonet that flew out of his knife when he touched a spring.

"Why, I had no idea it was a city."

"Had n't you? Oh, it's a city."

A flourishing city, too! An architectural city! There were banks, churches, cathedrals, market-places, factories, hotels, stores, mansions, wharves; an exchange, a theatre; public buildings of all kinds, down to the office of the Eden Stinger, a daily journal; all faithfully depicted in the view before them.

"Dear me ! It's really a most important place !" cried Martin, turning round.

"Oh ! it's very important," observed the agent.

"But, I am afraid," said Martin, glancing again at the Public Buildings, "that there's nothing left for me to do."

"Well ! it ain't all built," replied the agent. "Not quite."

This was a great relief.

"The market-place, now," said Martin. "Is that built ?"

"That ?" said the agent, sticking his toothpick into the weathercock on the top. "Let me see. No : that ain't built."

"Rather a good job to begin with,—eh, Mark ?" whispered Martin, nudging him with his elbow.

Mark, who, with a very stolid countenance had been eyeing the plan and the agent by turns, merely rejoined "Uncommon !"

A dead silence ensued, Mr. Scadder in some short recesses or vacations of his toothpick, whistled a few bars of Yankee Doodle, and blew the dust off the roof of the Theatre.

"I suppose," said Martin, feigning to look more narrowly at the plan, but showing by his tremulous voice how much depended, in his mind, upon the answer ; "I suppose there are—several architects there ?"

"There ain't a single one," said Scadder.

"Mark," whispered Martin, pulling him by the sleeve, "do you hear that ? But whose work is all this before us, then ?" he asked aloud.

"The soil being very fruitful, public buildings grows spontaneous, perhaps," said Mark.

He was on the agent's dark side as he said it ; but Scadder instantly changed his place, and brought his active eye to bear upon him.

"Feel of my hands, young man," he said.

"What for ?" asked Mark : declining.

"Air they dirty, or air they clean, sir ?" said Scadder, holding them out.

In a physical point of view they were decidedly dirty. But it being obvious that Mr. Scadder offered them for examination in a figurative sense, as emblems of his moral character, Martin hastened to pronounce them pure as the driven snow.

"I entreat, Mark," he said, with some irritation, "that you will not obtrude remarks of that nature, which, however harmless and well-intentioned, are quite out of place, and cannot be expected to be very agreeable to strangers. I am quite surprised."

"The Co.'s a putting his foot in it already," thought Mark. "He must be a sleeping partner—fast asleep and snoring—Co. must : I see."

Mr. Scadder said nothing, but he set his back against the plan, and thrust his toothpick into the desk some twenty times : looking at Mark all the while as if he were stabbing him in effigy.

"You have n't said whose work it is," Martin ventured to observe, at length, in a tone of mild propitiation.

"Well, never mind whose work it is, or is n't," said the agent sulkily.

"No matter how it did eventuate. P'raps he cleared off, handsome, with a heap of dollars ; p'rhaps he was n't worth a cent. P'raps he was a loafin' rowdy ; p'raps a ring-tailed roarer. Now !"

"All your doing, Mark!" said Martin.

"Praps," pursued the agent, "them an't plants of Eden's raising. No! P'raps that desk and stool ain't made from Eden lumber. No! P'raps no end of squatters ain't gone out there. No! P'raps there ain't no such lo-cation in the territoary of the Great U-nited States. Oh, no!"

"I hope you're satisfied with the success of your joke, Mark," said Martin.

But here, at a most opportune and happy time, the General interposed, and called out to Scadder from the doorway to give his friends the particulars of that little lot of fifty acres with the house upon it; which, having belonged to the company formerly, had lately lapsed again into their hands.

"You air a deal too open-handed, Gen'ral," was the answer. "It is a lot as should be rose in price. It is."

He grumblingly opened his books notwithstanding, and always keeping his bright side towards Mark, no matter at what amount of inconvenience to himself, displayed a certain leaf for their perusal. Martin read it greedily, and then inquired:

"Now where upon the plan may this place be?"

"Upon the plan?" said Scadder.

"Yes."

He turned towards it, and reflected for a short time, as if, having been put upon his mettle, he was resolved to be particular to the very minutest hair's breadth of a shade. At length, after wheeling his tooth-pick slowly round and round in the air, as if it were a carrier pigeon just thrown up, he suddenly made a dart at the drawing, and pierced the very centre of the main wharf, through and through.

"There!" he said, leaving his knife quivering in the wall; "that's where it is!"

Martin glanced with sparkling eyes upon his Co., and his Co. saw that the thing was done.

The bargain was not concluded as easily as might have been expected though, for Scadder was caustic and ill-humoured, and cast much unnecessary opposition in the way: at one time requesting them to think of it, and call again in a week or a fortnight; at another, predicting that they would n't like it; at another, offering to retract and let them off, and muttering strong imprecations upon the folly of the General. But the whole of the astoundingly small sum total of purchase money—it was only one hundred and fifty dollars, or something more than thirty pounds of the capital brought by Co. into the architectural concern—was ultimately paid down; and Martin's head was two inches nearer the roof of the little wooden office, with the consciousness of being a landed proprietor in the thriving city of Eden.

"If it shouldn't happen to fit," said Scadder, as he gave Martin the necessary credentials on receipt of his money, "don't blame me."

"No, no," he replied merrily. "We'll not blame you. General, are you going?"

"I am at your service, sir; and I wish you," said the General, giving him his hand with grave cordiality, "joy of your po-session. You air

now, sir, a denizen of the most powerful and highly-civilised do-minion that has ever graced the world ; a do-minion, sir, where man is bound to man in one vast bond of equal love and truth. May you, sir, be worthy of your a-dopted country ! ”

Martin thanked him, and took leave of Mr. Scadder ; who had resumed his post in the rocking-chair, immediately on the General's rising from it, and was once more swinging away as if he had never been disturbed. Mark looked back several times as they went down the road towards the National Hotel, but now his blighted profile was towards them, and nothing but attentive thoughtfulness was written on it. Strangely different to the other side ! He was not a man much given to laughing, and never laughed outright ; but every line in the print of the crow's foot, and every little wiry vein in that division of his head, was wrinkled up into a grin ! The compound figure of Death and the Lady at the top of the old ballad was not divided with a greater nicety, and hadn't halves more monstrously unlike each other, than the two profiles of Zephaniah Scadder.

The General posted along at a great rate, for the clock was on the stroke of twelve ; and at that hour precisely, the Great Meeting of the Watertoast Sympathisers was to be holden in the public room of the National Hotel. Being very curious to witness the demonstration, and know what it was all about, Martin kept close to the General : and, keeping closer than ever when they entered the Hall, got by that means upon a little platform of tables at the upper end : where an arm-chair was set for the General, and Mr. La Fayette Kettle, as secretary, was making a great display of some foolscap documents—Screamers, no doubt.

“ Well, sir ! ” he said, as he shook hands with Martin, “ here is a spectacle calc'lated to make the British Lion put his tail between his legs, and howl with anguish, I expect ! ”

Martin certainly thought it possible that the British Lion might have been rather out of his element in that Ark : but he kept the idea to himself. The General was then voted to the chair, on the motion of a pallid lad of the Jefferson Brick school : who forthwith set in for a high-spiced speech, with a good deal about hearths and homes in it, and unriveting the chains of Tyranny.

Oh but it was a clincher for the British Lion, it was ! The indignation of the glowing young Columbian knew no bounds. If he could only have been one of his own forefathers, he said, wouldn't he have peppered that same Lion, and been to him as another Brute Tamer with a wire whip, teaching him lessons not easily forgotten. “ Lion ! (cried that young Columbian) where is he ? Who is he ? What is he ? Show him to me. Let me have him here. Here ! ” said the young Columbian, in a wrestling attitude, “ upon this sacred altar. Here ! ” cried the young Columbian, idealising the dining-table, “ upon ancestral ashes, cemented with the glorious blood poured out like water on our native plains of Chickabiddy Lick ! Bring forth that Lion ! ” said the young Columbian. “ Alone, I dare him ! I taunt that Lion. I tell that Lion, that Freedom's hand once twisted in his mane, he rolls a corse before me, and the Eagles of the Great Republic laugh ha, ha ! ”

When it was found that the Lion didn't come, but kept out of the

way ; that the young Columbian stood there, with folded arms, alone in his glory ; and consequently that the Eagles were no doubt laughing wildly on the mountain tops,—such cheers arose as might have shaken the hands upon the Horse-Guards' clock, and changed the very mean time of the day in England's capital.

"Who is this?" Martin telegraphed to La Fayette.

The Secretary wrote something, very gravely, on a piece of paper, twisted it up, and had it passed to him from hand to hand. It was an improvement on the old sentiment : "Perhaps as remarkable a man as any in our country."

This young Columbian was succeeded by another, to the full as eloquent as he, who drew down storms of cheers. But both remarkable youths, in their great excitement (for your true poetry can never stoop to details), forgot to say with whom or what the Watertoasters sympathised, and likewise why or wherefore they were sympathetic. Thus, Martin remained for a long time as completely in the dark as ever ; until at length a ray of light broke in upon him through the medium of the Secretary, who, by reading the minutes of their past proceedings, made the matter somewhat clearer. He then learned that the Watertoast Association sympathised with a certain Public Man in Ireland, who held a contest upon certain points with England : and that they did so, because they did n't love England at all—not by any means because they loved Ireland much : being indeed horribly jealous and distrustful of its people always, and only tolerating them because of their working hard, which made them very useful ; labour being held in greater indignity in the simple republic than in any other country upon earth. This rendered Martin curious to see what grounds of sympathy the Watertoast Association put forth ; nor was he long in suspense, for the General rose to read a letter to the Public Man, which with his own hands he had written.

"Thus," said the General, "thus, my friends and fellow-citizens, it runs :

" 'SIR,

" 'I address you on behalf of the Watertoast Association of United Sympathisers. It is founded, sir, in the great republic of America ! and now holds its breath, and swells the blue veins in its forehead nigh to bursting, as it watches, sir, with feverish intensity and sympathetic ardour, your noble efforts in the cause of Freedom.' "

At the name of Freedom, and at every repetition of that name, all the Sympathisers roared aloud ; cheering with nine times nine, and nine times over.

" 'In Freedom's name, sir—holy Freedom—I address you. In Freedom's name, I send herewith a contribution to the funds of your Society. In Freedom's name, sir, I advert with indignation and disgust to that accursed animal, with gore-stained whiskers, whose rampant cruelty and fiery lust have ever been a scourge, a torment, to the world. The naked visitors to Crusoe's Island, sir ; the flying wives of Peter Wilkins ; the fruit-smear'd children of the tangled bush ; nay, even the men of large stature, anciently bred in the mining districts of Cornwall ; alike bear witness to its savage nature. Where, sir, are the

Cormorans, the Blunderbores, the Great Feeefofums, named in History? all, all, exterminated by its destroying hand.

"I allude, sir, to the British Lion.

"Devoted, mind and body, heart and soul, to Freedom, sir—to Freedom, blessed solace to the snail upon the cellar-door, the oyster in his pearly bed, the still mite in his home of cheese, the very wrinkle of your country in his shelly lair—in her unsullied name, we offer you our sympathy. Oh, sir, in this our cherished and our happy land, her fires burn bright and clear and smokeless: once lighted up in yours, the lion shall be roasted whole.

"I am, sir, in Freedom's name,

"Your affectionate friend and faithful Sympathiser,

"CYRUS CHOKE.

"General, U. S. M."

It happened that just as the General began to read this letter, the railroad train arrived, bringing a new mail from England; and a packet had been handed in to the Secretary, which during its perusal and the frequent cheerings in homage to freedom, he had opened. Now, its contents disturbed him very much, and the moment the General sat down, he hurried to his side, and placed in his hand a letter and several printed extracts from English newspapers; to which, in a state of infinite excitement, he called his immediate attention.

The General, being greatly heated by his own composition, was in a fit state to receive any inflammable influence; but he had no sooner possessed himself of the contents of these documents, than a change came over his face, involving such a huge amount of choler and passion, that the noisy concourse were silent in a moment, in very wonder at the sight of him.

"My friends!" cried the General, rising; "my friends and fellow-citizens, we have been mistaken in this man."

"In what man?" was the cry.

"In this," panted the General, holding up the letter he had read aloud a few minutes before. "I find that he has been, and is, the advocate—consistent in it always too—of Nigger emancipation!"

If anything beneath the sky be real, those Sons of Freedom would have pistolled, stabbed—in some way slain—that man by coward hands and murderous violence, if he had stood among them at that time. The most confiding of their own countrymen, would not have wagered then; no, nor would they ever peril; one dunghill straw, upon the life of any man in such a strait. They tore the letter, cast the fragments in the air, trod down the pieces as they fell; and yelled, and groaned, and hissed, till they could cry no longer.

"I shall move," said the General, when he could make himself heard, "that the Watertoast Association of United Sympathisers be immediately dissolved!"

Down with it! Away with it! Don't hear of it! Burn its records! Pull the room down! Blot it out of human memory!

"But, my fellow countrymen!" said the General, "the contributions. We have funds. What is to be done with the funds?"

It was hastily resolved that a piece of plate should be presented to a certain constitutional Judge, who had laid down from the Bench the noble principle, that it was lawful for any white mob to murder any black man ; and that another piece of plate, of similar value, should be presented to a certain Patriot, who had declared from his high place in the Legislature, that he and his friends would hang, without trial, any Abolitionist who might pay them a visit. For the surplus, it was agreed that it should be devoted to aiding the enforcement of those free and equal laws, which render it incalculably more criminal and dangerous to teach a negro to read and write, than to roast him alive in a public city. These points adjusted, the meeting broke up in great disorder : and there was an end of the Watertoast Sympathy.

As Martin ascended to his bedroom, his eye was attracted by the Republican banner, which had been hoisted from the house-top in honour of the occasion, and was fluttering before a window which he passed.

"Tut !" said Martin. "You're a gay flag in the distance. But let a man be near enough to get the light upon the other side, and see through you ; and you are but sorry fustian !"

CHAPTER XXII. "

FROM WHICH IT WILL BE SEEN THAT MARTIN BECAME A LION ON HIS OWN ACCOUNT. TOGETHER WITH THE REASON WHY.

As soon as it was generally known in the National Hotel, that the young Englishman, Mr. Chuzzlewit, had purchased "a lo-cation" in the Valley of Eden, and intended to betake himself to that earthly Paradise by the next Steamboat ; he became a popular character. Why this should be, or how it had come to pass, Martin no more knew than Mrs. Gamp of Kingsgate-street, High Holborn, did ; but that he was for the time being, the lion, by popular election, of the Watertoast community, and that his society was in rather inconvenient request, there could be no kind of doubt.

The first notification he received of this change in his position, was the following epistle, written in a thin running hand,—with here and there a fat letter or two, to make the general effect more striking,—on a sheet of paper, ruled with blue lines.

"National Hotel,

"Dear Sir,

"Monday Morning.

"When I had the privillidge of being your fellow-traveller in the cars, the day before yesterday, you offered some remarks upon the subject of the Tower of London, which (in common with my fellow-citizens generally) I could wish to hear repeated to a public audience.

"As secretary to the Young Mens' Watertoast Association of this town, I am requested to inform you that the Society will be proud to hear you deliver a lecture upon the Tower of London, at their Hall to-morrow

evening, at seven o'clock ; and as a large issue of quarter-dollar tickets may be expected, your answer and consent by bearer will be considered obliging.

"Dear Sir,

"Yours truly,

"LA FAYETTE KETTLE.

"The Honorable M. Chuzzlewit.

"P.S.—The Society would not be particular in limiting you to the Tower of London. Permit me to suggest that any remarks upon the Elements of Geology, or (if more convenient) upon the Writings of your talented and witty countryman, the honourable Mr. Miller, would be well received."

Very much aghast at this invitation, Martin wrote back, civilly declining it ; and had scarcely done so, when he received another letter.

"No. 47, Bunker Hill Street,

"Monday Morning.

"Private.

"Sir,

"I was raised in those interminable solitudes where our mighty Mississippi (or Father of Waters) rolls his turbid flood.

"I am young, and ardent. For there is a poetry in wildness, and every alligator basking in the slime is in himself an Epic, self-contained. I aspire for fame. It is my yearning and my thirst.

"Are you, sir, aware of any member of Congress in England, who would undertake to pay my expenses to that country, and for six months after my arrival ?

"There is something within me which gives me the assurance that this enlightened patronage would not be thrown away. In literature or art ; the bar, the pulpit, or the stage ; in one or other, if not all, I feel that I am certain to succeed.

"If too much engaged to write to any such yourself, please let me have a list of three or four of those most likely to respond, and I will address them through the Post Office. May I also ask you to favour me with any critical observations that have ever presented themselves to your reflective faculties, on 'Cain, a Mystery,' by the Right Honourable Lord Byron ?

"I am, Sir,

"Yours (forgive me if I add, soaringly),

"PUTNAM SMIF.

"P.S.—Address your answer to America Junior, Messrs. Hancock & Floby, Dry Goods Store, as above."

Both of which letters, together with Martin's reply to each, were, according to a laudable custom, much tending to the promotion of gentlemanly feeling and social confidence, published in the next number of the Watertoast Gazette.

He had scarcely got through this correspondence, when Captain Kedgick, the landlord, kindly came up stairs to see how he was getting on. The Captain sat down upon the bed before he spoke ; and finding it rather hard, moved to the pillow.

"Well, sir !" said the Captain, putting his hat a little more on one

side, for it was rather tight in the crown : " You 're quite a public man, I calc'late."

" So it seems," retorted Martin, who was very tired.

" Our citizens, sir," pursued the Captain, " intend to pay their respects to you. You will have to hold a sort of lě—vēe, sir, while you 're here."

" Powers above!" cried Martin, " I couldn't do that, my good fellow!"

" I reckon you *must* then," said the Captain.

" Must is not a pleasant word, Captain," urged Martin.

" Well! I didn't fix the mother language, and I can't unfix it," said the Captain, coolly: " else I'd make it pleasant. You must re-ceive. That's all."

" But why should I receive people who care as much for me as I care for them?" asked Martin.

" Well! because I have had a muniment put up in the bar," returned the Captain.

" A what?" cried Martin.

" A muniment," rejoined the Captain.

Martin looked despairingly at Mark, who informed him that the Captain meant a written notice that Mr. Chuzzlewit would receive the Watertoasters that day, at and after two o'clock: which was, in effect, then hanging in the bar, as Mark from ocular inspection of the same could testify.

" You wouldn't be unpop'lar, I know," said the Captain, paring his nails. " Our citizens an't long of riling up, I tell you; and our Gazette could flay you like a wild cat."

Martin was going to be very wroth, but he thought better of it, and said:

" In Heaven's name let them come, then."

" Oh, *they* 'll come," returned the Captain. " I have seen the big room fixed a'purpose, with my eyes."

" But will you," said Martin, seeing that the Captain was about to go; " will you at least tell me this. What do they want to see me for? what have I done? and how do they happen to have such a sudden interest in me?"

Captain Kedgick put a thumb and three fingers to each side of the brim of his hat; lifted it a little way off his head; put it on again carefully; passed one hand all down his face, beginning at the forehead and ending at the chin; looked at Martin; then at Mark; then at Martin again; winked; and walked out.

" Upon my life, now!" said Martin, bringing his hand heavily upon the table; " such a perfectly unaccountable fellow as that, I never saw. Mark, what do you say to this?"

" Why, sir," returned his partner, " my opinion is that we must have got to the most remarkable man in the country, at last. So I hope there's an end of the breed, sir."

Although this made Martin laugh, it couldn't keep off two o'clock. Punctually, as the hour struck, Captain Kedgick returned to hand him to the room of state; and he had no sooner got him safe there,

than he bawled down the staircase to his fellow-citizens below, that Mr. Chuzzlewit was "receiving."

Up they came with a rush. Up they came until the room was full, and, through the open door, a dismal perspective of more to come was shown upon the stairs. One after another, one after another, dozen after dozen, score after score, more, more, more, up they came: all shaking hands with Martin. Such varieties of hands, the thick, the thin, the short, the long, the fat, the lean, the coarse, the fine; such differences of temperature, the hot, the cold, the dry, the moist, the flabby; such diversities of grasp, the tight, the loose, the short-lived, and the lingering! Still up, up, up, more, more, more: and ever and anon the Captain's voice was heard above the crowd—"There's more below; there's more below. Now, gentlemen, you that have been introduced to Mr. Chuzzlewit, will you clear, gentlemen? Will you clear? Will you be so good as clear, gentlemen, and make a little room for more?"

Regardless of the Captain's cries, they didn't clear at all, but stood there, bolt upright and staring. Two gentlemen connected with the Watertoast Gazette had come express to get the matter for an article on Martin. They had agreed to divide the labour. One of them took him below the waistcoat; one above. Each stood directly in front of his subject with his head a little on one side, intent on his department. If Martin put one boot before the other, the lower gentleman was down upon him; he rubbed a pimple on his nose, and the upper gentleman booked it. He opened his mouth to speak, and the same gentleman was on one knee before him, looking in at his teeth, with the nice scrutiny of a dentist. Amateurs in the physiognomical and phrenological sciences roved about him with watchful eyes and itching fingers, and sometimes one, more daring than the rest, made a mad grasp at the back of his head, and vanished in the crowd. They had him in all points of view: in front, in profile, three-quarter face, and behind. Those who were not professional or scientific, audibly exchanged opinions on his looks. New lights shone in upon him, in respect of his nose. Contradictory rumours were abroad on the subject of his hair. And still the Captain's voice was heard—so stifled by the concourse, that he seemed to speak from underneath a feather-bed—exclaiming, "Gentlemen, you that have been introduced to Mr. Chuzzlewit, *will* you clear?"

Even when they began to clear, it was no better; for then a stream of gentlemen, every one with a lady on each arm (exactly like the chorus to the National Anthem when Royalty goes in state to the play), came gliding in—every new group fresher than the last, and bent on staying to the latest moment. If they spoke to him, which was not often, they invariably asked the same questions, in the same tone; with no more remorse, or delicacy, or consideration, than if he had been a figure of stone, purchased, and paid for, and set up there, for their delight. Even when, in the slow course of time, these died off, it was as bad as ever, if not worse; for then the boys grew bold, and came in as a class of themselves, and did everything that the grown-up people had done. Uncouth stragglers too appeared; men of a ghostly kind, who being in, didn't know how to get out again: insomuch

that one silent gentleman with glazed and fishy eyes, and only one button on his waistcoat (which was a very large metal one, and shone prodigiously), got behind the door, and stood there, like a Clock, long after everybody else was gone.

Martin felt, from pure fatigue, and heat, and worry, as if he could have fallen on the ground and willingly remained there, if they would but have had the mercy to leave him alone. But as letters and messages threatening his public denouncement if he didn't see the senders, poured in like hail; and as more visitors came while he took his coffee by himself; and as Mark, with all his vigilance, was unable to keep them from the door; he resolved to go to bed—not that he felt at all sure of bed being any protection, but that he might not leave a forlorn hope untried.

He had communicated this design to Mark, and was on the eve of escaping, when the door was thrown open in a great hurry, and an elderly gentleman entered: bringing with him a lady who certainly could not be considered young—that was matter of fact; and probably could not be considered handsome—but that was matter of opinion. She was very straight, very tall, and not at all flexible in face or figure. On her head she wore a great straw bonnet, with trimmings of the same, in which she looked as if she had been thatched by an unskilful labourer; and in her hand she held a most enormous fan.

"Mr. Chuzzlewit, I believe?" said the gentleman.

"That is my name."

"Sir," said the gentleman, "I am pressed for time."

"Thank God!" thought Martin.

"I go back Toe my home, sir," pursued the gentleman, "by the return train, which starts immediate. Start is not a word you use in your country, sir."

"Oh yes, it is," said Martin.

"You air mistaken, sir," returned the gentleman, with great decision: "but we will not pursue the subject, lest it should awake your præjū—dice. Sir, Mrs. Hominy."

Martin bowed.

"Mrs. Hominy, sir, is the lady of Major Hominy, one of our chicest spirits; and belongs Toe one of our most aristocratic families. You air, p'raps, acquainted, sir, with Mrs. Hominy's writings?"

Martin couldn't say he was.

"You have much Toe learn, and Toe enjoy, sir," said the gentleman.

"Mrs. Hominy is going Toe stay until the end of the Fall, sir, with her married daughter at the settlement of New Thermopylæ, three days this side of Eden. Any attention, sir, that you can show Toe Mrs. Hominy upon the journey, will be very grateful Toe the Major and our fellow-citizens. Mrs. Hominy, I wish you good night, ma'am, and a pleasant pro-gress on your rout!"

Martin could scarcely believe it; but he had gone, and Mrs. Hominy was drinking the milk.

"A'most used-up I am, I do declare!" she observed. "The jolting in the cars is pretty nigh as bad as if the rail was full of snags and sawyers."

"Snags and sawyers, ma'am?" said Martin.

"Well, then, I do suppose you'll hardly realise my meaning, sir," said Mrs. Hominy. "My! Only think! Do tell!"

It did not appear that these expressions, although they seemed to conclude with an urgent entreaty, stood in need of any answer; for Mrs. Hominy, untying her bonnet-strings, observed that she would withdraw to lay that article of dress aside, and would return immediately.

"Mark!" said Martin. "Touch me, will you. Am I awake?"

"Hominy is, sir," returned his partner—"Broad awake! Just the sort of woman, sir, as would be discovered with her eyes wide open, and her mind a-working for her country's good, at any hour of the day or night."

They had no opportunity of saying more, for Mrs. Hominy stalked in again—very erect, in proof of her aristocratic blood; and holding in her clasped hands a red cotton pocket-handkerchief, perhaps a parting gift from that choice spirit, the Major. She had laid aside her bonnet, and now appeared in a highly aristocratic and classical cap, meeting beneath her chin: a style of head-dress so admirably adapted to her countenance, that if the late Mr. Grimaldi had appeared in the lappets of Mrs. Siddons, a more complete effect could not have been produced.

Martin handed her to a chair. Her first words arrested him before he could get back to his own seat.

"Pray, sir!" said Mrs. Hominy, "where do you hail from?"

"I am afraid I am dull of comprehension," answered Martin, "being extremely tired; but, upon my word, I don't understand you."

Mrs. Hominy shook her head with a melancholy smile that said, not inexpressively, "They corrupt even the language in that old country!" and added then, as coming down a step or two to meet his low capacity, "Where was you rose?"

"Oh!" said Martin, "I was born in Kent."

"And how do you like our country, sir?" asked Mrs. Hominy.

"Very much indeed," said Martin, half asleep. "At least—that is—pretty well, ma'am."

"Most strangers—and partick'larly Britishers—are much surprised by what they see in the U-nited States," remarked Mrs. Hominy.

"They have excellent reason to be so, ma'am," said Martin. "I never was so much surprised in all my life."

"Our institutions make our people smart much, sir?" Mrs. Hominy remarked.

"The most short-sighted man could see that at a glance, with his naked eye," said Martin.

Mrs. Hominy was a philosopher and an authoress, and consequently had a pretty strong digestion; but this coarse, this indecorous phrase, was almost too much for her. For a gentleman sitting alone with a lady—although the door *was* open—to talk about a naked eye!

A long interval elapsed before even she—woman of masculine and towering intellect though she was—could call up fortitude enough to resume the conversation. But Mrs. Hominy was a traveller. Mrs. Hominy was a writer of reviews and analytical disquisitions. Mrs. Hominy had

had her letters from abroad, beginning "My ever dearest blank," and signed "The Mother of the Modern Gracchi" (meaning the married Miss Hominy), regularly printed in a public journal, with all the indignation in capitals, and all the sarcasm in italics. Mrs. Hominy had looked on foreign countries with the eye of a perfect republican hot from the model oven; and Mrs. Hominy could talk (or write) about them by the hour together. So Mrs. Hominy at last came down on Martin heavily, and as he was fast asleep, she had it all her own way and bruised him to her heart's content.

It is no great matter what Mrs. Hominy said, save that she had learnt it from the cant of a class, and a large class, of her fellow-countrymen, who, in their every word, avow themselves to be as senseless to the high principles on which America sprang, a nation, into life, as any Orson in her legislative halls. Who are no more capable of feeling, or of caring if they did feel, that by reducing their own country to the ebb of honest men's contempt, they put in hazard the rights of nations yet unborn, and very progress of the human race, than are the swine who wallow in their streets. Who think that crying out to other nations, old in their iniquity, "We are no worse than you!" (No worse!) is high defence and 'vantage ground enough for that Republic, but yesterday let loose upon her noble course, and but to-day so maimed and lame, so full of sores and ulcers, foul to the eye and almost hopeless to the sense, that her best friends turn from the loathsome creature with disgust. Who, having by their ancestors declared and won their Independence, because they would not bend the knee to certain Public vices and corruptions and would not abrogate the truth, run riot in the Bad, and turn their backs upon the Good; and lying down contented with the wretched boast that other Temples also are of glass, and stones which batter theirs may be flung back; show themselves, in that alone, as immeasurably behind the import of the trust they hold, and as unworthy to possess it, as if the sordid hucksterings of all their little governments—each one a kingdom in its small depravity—were brought into a heap for evidence against them.

Martin by degrees became so far awake, that he had a sense of a terrible oppression on his mind; an imperfect dream that he had murdered a particular friend, and couldn't get rid of the body. When his eyes opened it was staring him full in the face. There was the horrible Hominy, talking deep truths in a melodious snuffle, and pouring forth her mental endowments to such an extent that the Major's bitterest enemy, hearing her, would have forgiven him from the bottom of his heart. Martin might have done something desperate if the gong had not sounded for supper; but sound it did most opportunely; and having stationed Mrs. Hominy at the upper end of the table, he took refuge at the lower end himself; whence, after a hasty meal, he stole away, while the lady was yet busied with dried beef and a whole saucer-full of pickled fixings.

It would be difficult to give an adequate idea of Mrs. Hominy's freshness next day, or of the avidity with which she went headlong into moral philosophy at breakfast. Some little additional degree of asperity,

perhaps, was visible in her features, but not more than the pickles would have naturally produced. All that day, she clung to Martin. She sat beside him while he received his friends—for there was another Reception, yet more numerous than the former—propounded theories, and answered imaginary objections: so that Martin really began to think he must be dreaming, and speaking for two; quoted interminable passages from certain essays on government, written by herself; used the Major's pocket-handkerchief as if the snuffle were a temporary malady, of which she was determined to rid herself by some means or other; and, in short, was such a remarkable companion, that Martin quite settled it between himself and his conscience, that in any new settlement it would be absolutely necessary to have such a person knocked on the head for the general peace of society.

In the mean time Mark was busy, from early in the morning until late at night, in getting on board the steamboat such provisions, tools, and other necessities, as they had been forewarned it would be wise to take. The purchase of these things, and the settlement of their bill at the National, reduced their finances to so low an ebb, that if the captain had delayed his departure any longer, they would have been in almost as bad a plight as the unfortunate poorer emigrants, who (seduced on board by solemn advertisement) had been living on the lower deck a whole week, and exhausting their miserable stock of provisions before the voyage commenced. There they were, all huddled together, with the engine and the fires. Farmers who had never seen a plough; woodmen who had never used an axe; builders who couldn't make a box; cast out of their own land, with not a hand to aid them: newly come into an unknown world, children in helplessness, but men in wants—with younger children at their backs, to live or die as it might happen!

The morning came; and they would start at noon. Noon came, and they would start at night. But nothing is eternal in this world: not even the procrastination of an American skipper: and at night all was ready.

Dispirited and weary to the last degree, but a greater lion than ever (he had done nothing all the afternoon but answer letters from strangers: half of them about nothing: half about borrowing money: and all requiring an instantaneous reply), Martin walked down to the wharf, through a concourse of people, with Mrs. Hominy upon his arm; and went on board. But Mark was bent on solving the riddle of this lionship, if he could; and so, not without the risk of being left behind, ran back to the hotel.

Captain Kedgick was sitting in the colonnade, with a julep on his knee, and a cigar in his mouth. He caught Mark's eye, and said:

"Why, what the 'Tarnal brings you here?"

"I'll tell you plainly what it is, Captain," said Mark. "I want to ask you a question."

"A man may ask a question, so he may," returned Kedgick: strongly implying that another man might not answer a question, so he mightn't.

"What have they been making so much of him for, now?" said Mark slyly. "Come!"

"Our people like ex-citement," answered Kedgick, sucking his cigar.

"But how has he excited 'em?" asked Mark.

The captain looked at him as if he were half inclined to unburden his mind of a capital joke.

"You air a going?" he said.

"Going!" cried Mark. "Ain't every moment precious?"

"Our people like ex-citement," said the Captain, whispering. "He ain't like emigrants in gin'ral; and he ex-cited 'em along of this;" he winked and burst into a smothered laugh; "along of this. Scadder is a smart man, and—and—nobody as goes to Eden ever comes back a-live!"

The wharf was close at hand, and at that instant Mark could hear them shouting out his name—could even hear Martin calling to him to make haste, or they would be separated. It was too late to mend the matter, or put any face upon it but the best. He gave the Captain a parting benediction, and ran off like a racehorse.

"Mark! Mark!" cried Martin.

"Here am I, sir!" shouted Mark, suddenly replying from the edge of the quay, and leaping at a bound on board. "Never was half so jolly, sir. All right! Haul in! Go a-head!"

The sparks from the wood fire streamed upward from the two chimneys, as if the vessel were a great firework just lighted; and they roared away upon the dark water.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MARTIN AND HIS PARTNER TAKE POSSESSION OF THEIR ESTATE. THE JOYFUL OCCASION INVOLVES SOME FURTHER ACCOUNT OF EDEN.

THERE happened to be on board the steamboat several gentlemen passengers, of the same stamp as Martin's New York friend Mr. Bevan; and in their society he was cheerful and happy. They released him as well as they could from the intellectual entanglements of Mrs. Hominy; and exhibited, in all they said and did, so much good sense and high feeling, that he could not like them too well. "If this were a republic of Intellect and Worth," he said, "instead of vapouring and jobbing, they would not want the levers to keep it in motion."

"Having good tools, and using bad ones," returned Mr. Tapley, "would look as if they was rather a poor sort of carpenters, sir, wouldn't it?"

Martin nodded. "As if their work were infinitely above their powers and purpose, Mark; and they botched it in consequence."

"The best on it is," said Mark, "that when they do happen to make a decent stroke; such as better workmen, with no such opportunities, make every day of their lives and think nothing of; they begin to sing out so surprising loud. Take notice of my words, sir. If ever the defaulting part of this here country pays its debts—along of finding that not paying 'em won't do in a commercial point of view, you see, and is incon-

venient in its consequences—they'll take such a shine out of it, and make such bragging speeches, that a man might suppose no borrowed money had ever been paid afore, since the world was first begun. That's the way they gammon each other, sir. Bless you, / I know 'em. Take notice of my words, now !"

"You seem to be growing profoundly sagacious !" cried Martin, laughing.

"Whether that is," thought Mark, "because I'm a day's journey nearer Eden, and am brightening up, afore I die, I can't say. P'raps by the time I get there, I shall have growed into a prophet."

He gave no utterance to these sentiments ; but the excessive joviality they inspired within him, and the merriment they brought upon his shining face, were quite enough for Martin. Although he might sometimes profess to make light of his partner's inexhaustible cheerfulness, and might sometimes, as in the case of Zephaniah Scadder, find him too jocose a commentator, he was always sensible of the effect of his example in rousing him to hopefulness and courage. Whether he were in the humour to profit by it, mattered not a jot. It was contagious, and he could not choose but be affected.

At first they parted with some of their passengers once or twice a day, and took in others to replace them. But by degrees, the towns upon their route became more thinly scattered ; and for many hours together they would see no other habitations than the huts of the wood-cutters, where the vessel stopped for fuel. Sky, wood, and water, all the livelong day ; and heat that blistered everything it touched.

On they toiled through great solitudes, where the trees upon the banks grew thick and close ; and floated in the stream ; and held up shrivelled arms from out the river's depths ; and slid down from the margin of the land : half growing, half decaying, in the miry water. On through the weary day and melancholy night : beneath the burning sun, and in the mist and vapour of the evening : on, until return appeared impossible, and restoration to their home a miserable dream.

They had now but few people on board, and these few were as flat, as dull, and stagnant, as the vegetation that oppressed their eyes. No sound of cheerfulness or hope was heard ; no pleasant talk beguiled the tardy time ; no little group made common cause against the dull depression of the scene. But that, at certain periods, they swallowed food together from a common trough, it might have been old Charon's boat, conveying melancholy shades to judgment.

At length they drew near New Thermopylæ ; where, that same evening, Mrs. Hominy would disembark. A gleam of comfort sunk into Martin's bosom when she told him this. Mark needed none ; but he was not displeased.

It was almost night when they came alongside the landing-place—a steep bank with an hotel, like a barn, on the top of it ; a wooden store or two ; and a few scattered sheds.

"You sleep here to-night, and go on in the morning, I suppose, ma'am ?" said Martin.

"Where should I go on to?" cried the mother of the modern Gracchi.

"To New Thermopylæ."

"My! ain't I there?" said Mrs. Hominy.

Martin looked for it all round the darkening panorama; but he couldn't see it, and was obliged to say so.

"Why, that's it!" cried Mrs. Hominy, pointing to the sheds just mentioned.

"*That!*" exclaimed Martin.

"Ah! that; and work it which way you will, it whips Eden," said Mrs. Hominy, nodding her head with great expression.

The married Miss Hominy, who had come on board with her husband, gave to this statement her most unqualified support, as did that gentleman also. Martin gratefully declined their invitation to regale himself at their house during the half-hour of the vessel's stay; and having escorted Mrs. Hominy and the red pocket-handkerchief (which was still on active service) safely across the gangway, returned in a thoughtful mood to watch the emigrants as they removed their goods ashore.

Mark, as he stood beside him, glanced in his face from time to time; anxious to discover what effect this dialogue had had upon him, and not unwilling that his hopes should be dashed before they reached their destination, so that the blow he feared, might be broken in its fall. But saying that he sometimes looked up quickly at the poor erections on the hill, he gave him no clue to what was passing in his mind, until they were again upon their way.

"Mark," he said then, "are there really none but ourselves on board this boat who are bound for Eden?"

"None at all, sir. Most of 'em, as you know, have stopped short; and the few that are left are going further on. What matters that! More room there for us, sir."

"Oh, to be sure!" said Martin. "But I was thinking"—and there he paused.

"Yes, sir?" observed Mark.

"How odd it was that the people should have arranged to try their fortune at a wretched hole like that, for instance, when there is such a much better, and such a very different kind of place, near at hand, as one may say."

He spoke in a tone so very different from his usual confidence, and with such an obvious dread of Mark's reply, that the good-natured fellow was full of pity.

"Why, you know, sir," said Mark, as gently as he could by any means insinuate the observation, "we must guard against being too sanguine. There's no occasion for it, either, because we're determined to make the best of everything, after we know the worst of it. Ain't we, sir?"

Martin looked at him, but answered not a word.

"Even Eden, you know, ain't all built," said Mark.

"In the name of Heaven, man," cried Martin angrily, "don't talk of Eden in the same breath with that place. Are you mad? There—God forgive me!—don't think harshly of me for my temper!"

After that, he turned away, and walked to and fro upon the deck full two hours. Nor did he speak again, except to say "Good night,"

until next day ; nor even then upon this subject, but on other topics quite foreign to the purpose.

As they proceeded further on their track, and came more and more towards their journey's end, the monotonous desolation of the scene increased to that degree, that for any redeeming feature it presented to their eyes, they might have entered, in the body, on the grim domains of Giant Despair. A flat morass, bestrewn with fallen timber ; a marsh on which the good growth of the earth seemed to have been wrecked and cast away, that from its decomposing ashes vile and ugly things might rise ; where the very trees took the aspect of huge weeds, begotten of the slime from which they sprung, by the hot sun that burnt them up ; where fatal maladies, seeking whom they might infect, came forth, at night, in misty shapes, and creeping out upon the water, hunted them like spectres until day ; where even the blessed sun, shining down on festering elements of corruption and disease, became a horror ; this was the realm of Hope through which they moved.

At last they stopped. At Eden too. The waters of the Deluge might have left it but a week before : so choked with slime and matted growth was the hideous swamp which bore that name.

There being no depth of water close in shore, they landed from the vessel's boat, with all their goods beside them. There were a few log-houses visible among the dark trees ; the best, a cow-shed or a rude stable ; but for the wharves, the market-place, the public buildings—

"Here comes an Edener," said Mark. "He'll get us help to carry these things up. Keep a good heart, sir. Hallo there !"

The man advanced towards them through the thickening gloom, very slowly : leaning on a stick. As he drew nearer, they observed that he was pale and worn, and that his anxious eyes were deeply sunken in his head. His dress of homespun blue hung about him in rags ; his feet and head were bare. He sat down on a stump half-way, and beckoned them to come to him. When they complied, he put his hand upon his side as if in pain, and while he fetched his breath stared at them, wondering.

"Strangers !" he exclaimed, as soon as he could speak.

"The very same," said Mark. "How are you, sir ?"

"I've had the fever very bad," he answered faintly. "I haven't stood upright these many weeks. Those are your notions I see," pointing to their property.

"Yes, sir," said Mark, "they are. You couldn't recommend us some one as would lend a hand to help carry 'em up to the—to the town, could you, sir ?"

"My eldest son would do it if he could," replied the man ; "but to-day he has his chill upon him, and is lying wrapped up in the blankets. My youngest died last week."

"I'm sorry for it, governor, with all my heart," said Mark, shaking him by the hand. "Don't mind us. Come along with me, and I'll give you an arm back. The goods is safe enough, sir,"—to Martin,—"there ain't many people about, to make away with 'em. What a comfort that is !"

"No," cried the man. "You must look for such folk here," knocking his stick upon the ground, "or yonder in the bush, towards the north.

We've buried most of 'em. The rest have gone away. Them that we have here, don't come out at night."

"The night air ain't quite wholesome, I suppose?" said Mark.

"It's deadly poison," was the settler's answer.

Mark showed no more uneasiness than if it had been commended to him as ambrosia; but he gave the man his arm, and as they went along explained to him the nature of their purchase, and inquired where it lay. Close to his own log-house, he said: so close that he had used their dwelling as a store-house for some corn: they must excuse it that night, but he would endeavour to get it taken out upon the morrow. He then gave them to understand, as an additional scrap of local chit-chat, that he had buried the last proprietor with his own hands; a piece of information which Mark also received without the least abatement of his equanimity.

In a word, he conducted them to a miserable cabin, rudely constructed of the trunks of trees; the door of which had either fallen down or been carried away long ago; and which was consequently open to the wild landscape and the dark night. Saving for the little store he had mentioned, it was perfectly bare of all furniture; but they had left a chest upon the landing-place, and he gave them a rude torch in lieu of candle. This latter acquisition Mark planted in the hearth, and then declaring that the mansion "looked quite comfortable," hurried Martin off again to help bring up the chest. And all the way to the landing-place and back, Mark talked incessantly: as if he would infuse into his partner's breast some faint belief that they had arrived under the most auspicious and cheerful of all imaginable circumstances.

But many a man who would have stood within a home dismantled, strong in his passion and design of vengeance, has had the firmness of his nature conquered by the razing of an air-built castle. When the log-hut received them for the second time, Martin lay down upon the ground, and wept aloud.

"Lord love you, sir!" cried Mr. Tapley, in great terror; "don't do that! Don't do that, sir! Anything but that! It never helped man, woman, or child over the lowest fence yet, sir, and it never will. Besides its being of no use to you, it's worse than of no use to me, for the least sound of it will knock me flat down. I can't stand up agin it, sir. Anything but that."

There is no doubt he spoke the truth, for the extraordinary alarm with which he looked at Martin as he paused upon his knees before the chest, in the act of unlocking it, to say these words, sufficiently confirmed him.

"I ask your forgiveness a thousand times, my dear fellow," said Martin. "I couldn't have helped it, if death had been the penalty."

"Ask my forgiveness!" said Mark, with his accustomed cheerfulness; as he proceeded to unpack the chest. "The head partner a asking forgiveness of Co., eh? There must be something wrong in the firm when that happens. I must have the books inspected, and the accounts gone over immediate. Here we are. Everything in its proper place. Here's the salt pork. Here's the biscuit. Here's the whiskey—uncommon good it smells too. Here's the tin pot. This tin pot's a small fortun' in itself! Here's the blankets. Here's the axe. Who says we ain't got

a first-rate fit out? I feel as if I was a cadet gone out to Indy, and my noble father was chairman of the Board of Directors. Now, when I've got some water from the stream afore the door and mixed the grog," cried Mark, running out to suit the action to the word, "there's a supper ready, comprising every delicacy of the season. Here we are, sir, all complete. For what we are going to receive, et cetera. Lord bless you, sir, it's very like a gipsy party!"

It was impossible not to take heart, in the company of such a man as this. Martin sat upon the ground beside the box; took out his knife; and ate and drank sturdily.

"Now you see," said Mark, when they had made a hearty meal; "with your knife and mine, I sticks this blanket right afore the door, or where, in a state of high civilisation, the door would be. And very neat it looks. Then I stops the aperture below, by putting the chest agin it. And very neat *that* looks. Then there's your blanket, sir. Then here's mine. And what's to hinder our passing a good night?"

For all his light-hearted speaking, it was long before he slept himself. He wrapped his blanket round him, put the axe ready to his hand, and lay across the threshold of the door: too anxious and too watchful to close his eyes. The novelty of their dreary situation, the dread of some rapacious animal or human enemy, the terrible uncertainty of their means of subsistence, the apprehension of death, the immense distance and the hosts of obstacles between themselves and England, were fruitful sources of disquiet in the deep silence of the night. Though Martin would have had him think otherwise, Mark felt that he was waking also, and a prey to the same reflections. This was almost worse than all, for if he began to brood over their miseries instead of trying to make head against them, there could be little doubt that such a state of mind would powerfully assist the influence of the pestilent climate. Never had the light of day been half so welcome to his eyes, as when awaking from a fitful doze, Mark saw it shining through the blanket in the doorway.

He stole out gently, for his companion was sleeping now; and having refreshed himself by washing in the river, where it flowed before the door, took a rough survey of the settlement. There were not above a score of cabins in the whole; half of these appeared untenanted; all were rotten and decayed. The most tottering, abject, and forlorn among them, was called, with great propriety, the Bank, and National Credit Office. It had some feeble props about it, but was settling deep down in the mud, past all recovery.

Here and there, an effort had been made to clear the land; and something like a field had been marked out, where, among the stumps and ashes of burnt trees, a scanty crop of Indian corn was growing. In some quarters, a snake or zigzag fence had been begun, but in no instance had it been completed; and the fallen logs, half hidden in the soil, lay mouldering away. Three or four meagre dogs, wasted and vexed with hunger; some long-legged pigs, wandering away into the woods in search of food; some children, nearly naked, gazing at him from the huts; were all the living things he saw. A fetid vapour, hot and sickening as the breath of an oven, rose up from the earth, and hung on every-

thing around ; and as his foot-prints sunk into the marshy ground, a black ooze started forth to blot them out.

Their own land was mere forest. The trees had grown so thick and close that they shouldered one another out of their places, and the weakest, forced into shapes of strange distortion, languished like cripples. The best were stunted, from the pressure and the want of room ; and high about the stems of all, grew long rank grass, dank weeds, and frowzy underwood : not divisible into their separate kinds, but tangled all together in a heap ; a jungle deep and dark, with neither earth nor water at its roots, but putrid matter, formed of the pulpy offal of the two, and of their own corruption.

He went down to the landing-place where they had left their goods last night ; and there he found some half-dozen men—wan, and forlorn to look at, but ready enough to assist—who helped him to carry them to the log-house. They shook their heads in speaking of the settlement, and had no comfort to give him. Those who had the means of going away, had all deserted it. They who were left, had lost their wives, their children, friends, or brothers there, and suffered much themselves. Most of them were ill then ; none were the men they had been once. They frankly offered their assistance and advice, and, leaving him for that time, went sadly off upon their several tasks.

Martin was by this time stirring ; but he had greatly changed, even in one night. He was very pale and languid ; he spoke of pains and weakness in his limbs, and complained that his sight was dim, and his voice feeble. Increasing in his own briskness as the prospect grew more and more dismal, Mark brought away a door from one of the deserted houses, and fitted it to their own habitation ; then went back again for a rude bench he had observed, with which he presently returned in triumph ; and having put this piece of furniture outside the house, arranged the notable tin-pot and other such movables upon it, that it might represent a dresser or a sideboard. Greatly satisfied with this arrangement, he next rolled their cask of flour into the house, and set it up on end in one corner, where it served for a side-table. No better dining-table could be required than the chest, which he solemnly devoted to that useful service thenceforth. Their blankets, clothes, and the like, he hung on pegs and nails. And lastly, he brought forth a great placard (which Martin in the exultation of his heart had prepared with his own hands at the National Hotel), bearing the inscription, CHUZZLEWIT & Co., ARCHITECTS AND SURVEYORS, which he displayed upon the most conspicuous part of the premises, with as much gravity as if the thriving city of Eden had had a real existence, and they expected to be overwhelmed with business.

"These here tools," said Mark, bringing forward Martin's case of instruments, and sticking the compasses upright in a stump before the door, "shall be set out in the open air to show that we come provided. And now, if any gentleman wants a house built, he'd better give his orders, afore we're other ways bespoke."

Considering the intense heat of the weather, this was not a bad morning's work ; but without pausing for a moment, though he was streaming at every pore, Mark vanished into the house again, and

presently reappeared with a hatchet: intent on performing some impossibilities with that implement.

"Here's a ugly old tree in the way, sir," he observed, "which'll be all the better down. We can build the oven in the afternoon. There never was such a handy spot for clay as Eden is. That's convenient, anyhow."

But Martin gave him no answer. He had sat the whole time with his head upon his hands, gazing at the current as it rolled swiftly by; thinking, perhaps, how fast it moved towards the open sea, the high road to the home he never would behold again.

Not even the vigorous strokes which Mark dealt at the tree, awoke him from his mournful meditation. Finding all his endeavours to rouse him of no use, Mark stopped in his work and came towards him.

"Don't give in, sir," said Mr. Tapley.

"Oh, Mark," returned his friend, "what have I done in all my life that has deserved this heavy fate?"

"Why, sir," returned Mark, "for the matter of that, ev'rybody as is here might say the same thing; many of 'em with better reason p'raps than you or me. Hold up, sir. Do something. Couldn't you ease your mind, now, don't you think, by making some personal observations in a letter to Scadder?"

"No," said Martin, shaking his head sorrowfully: "I am past that."

"But if you're past that already," returned Mark, "you must be ill and ought to be attended to."

"Don't mind me," said Martin. "Do the best you can for yourself. You'll soon have only yourself to consider. And then God speed you home, and forgive me for bringing you here! I am destined to die in this place. I felt it the instant I set foot upon the shore. Sleeping or waking, Mark, I dreamed it all last night."

"I said you must be ill," returned Mark, tenderly, "and now I'm sure of it. A touch of fever and ague caught on these rivers, I dare say; but bless you, *that's* nothing. It's only a seasoning; and we must all be seasoned, one way or another. That's religion, that is, you know," said Mark.

He only sighed and shook his head.

"Wait half a minute," said Mark cheerily, "till I run up to one of our neighbours and ask what's best to be took, and borrow a little of it to give you; and to-morrow you'll find yourself as strong as ever again. I won't be gone a minute. Don't give in, while I'm away, whatever you do!"

Throwing down his hatchet, he sped away immediately, but stopped when he had gone a little distance, and looked back: then hurried on again.

"Now, Mr. Tapley," said Mark, giving himself a tremendous blow in the chest by way of reviver, "just you attend to what I've got to say. Things is looking about as bad as they *can* look, young man. You'll not have such another opportunity for showing your jolly disposition, my fine fellow, as long as you live. And therefore, Tapley, Now's your time to come out strong; or Never!"

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SCIENCE;

Week at Home, Abroad, or

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CONSISTENT OF LETTER-PRESS, in a
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2

E. Moses & Son's Establishment

PREFACE.

To show the source from whence a book may spring,
A Preface is a necessary thing;
But we've another reason, which, we say,
Is equally important in its way.

To the Public.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

In presenting you with a list and description of our Autumn and Winter Stock, we have entered rather largely into a delineation of the Splendid Premises in which we transact our extensive business. Nor is this all. In order to gratify those of the Public who may not have had an opportunity of seeing our princely Establishments, we hereby give a distinct, free, and unlimited invitation to our Magnificent Show-rooms. Many of the public Exhibitions and Institutions of our proud Metropolis (and indeed most of them) cannot be inspected without the presentation of a stipulated Sum of Money. Now the invitation which *we* give, is of a very different description:—

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The Eighth Wonder of the World.

We give an invitation, *frank and free*,
And never think of asking for a fee.

In giving this opportunity of ranging and examining our unrivalled Warehouses, we wish it to be distinctly understood, that the invitation has no reference to *purchases*, whatsoever. On the contrary, we trust that the public will do *us the honour*, and *themselves the pleasure*, of visiting and inspecting the interior of our Emporium, *whether or not they are in a position to favor us with a purchase*; and we pledge ourselves that they shall have a free range through our vast Show-rooms, *without being troubled with impertinent questions, as to their right of entrée, or annoying solicitation to become customers*. This will give the public an opportunity of judging for themselves, whether we have at all exaggerated in our succeeding pages; and whether our surpassing Dépôt, does not, in a *bona-fide* sense, deserve that high designation with which we have thought ourselves warranted in honoring it.

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Your obedient humble Servants,

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INTRODUCTION.

Seven wonders of the World there were, of late,
But now, improvement makes the number *Eight*.

It has long been a commonly received opinion that "the wonders of the world" are limited to the small numerical bounds of "*seven*"—viz. the "*Pyramids of Egypt*"—the "*Mausoleum*"—the "*Temple of Diana at Ephesus*"—the "*Walls of Babylon*"—the "*Colossus of Rhodes*"—the "*Statue of Jupiter Olympus*"—and the "*Egyptian Pharos*."

Now, however true this opinion might have been at one time, we must all admit, that, in proportion as the march of improvement progresses; so will progress and increase those achievements and inventions, so honorably designated as—

"WONDERS OF THE WORLD."

It becomes us, then, to consider, what improvement, achievement, or invention, is most deserving of the *next* distinguishing title; viz.—

"The EIGHTH Wonder of the World."

Some have pronounced this high honour as belonging to the "*Great Wall of China*," and some aver that the immense Structure of "*St. Peter's at Rome*" is more worthy of the

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designation. Others of a much later date consider that "Railway Locomotion" should be viewed in this light; while many (with equal assurance) have declared that the "Thames Tunnel" is entitled to become the successful candidate.

But a moment's reflection must convince any reasonable person that

"The EIGHTH Wonder of the World"

is none other than that vast Clothing Emporium of which we are the unrivalled projectors and proprietors.

Whether we regard the incomparable splendour and magnitude of the premises, the wide extent and quick dispatch of the business carried on here, or the quality and prices of our articles; we feel bound to come to the conclusion that our proud Establishments

86, Aldgate & 154, Minories


are, alone, entitled to this unequalled honour. Nor will any fair-judging individuals (when they shall have read the following pages, and inspected our premises according to invitation,) dispute, even for a single instant, the truth of our assumption: viz.—that our surprising mart is, unquestionably, the just claimant of that lofty distinction; namely—

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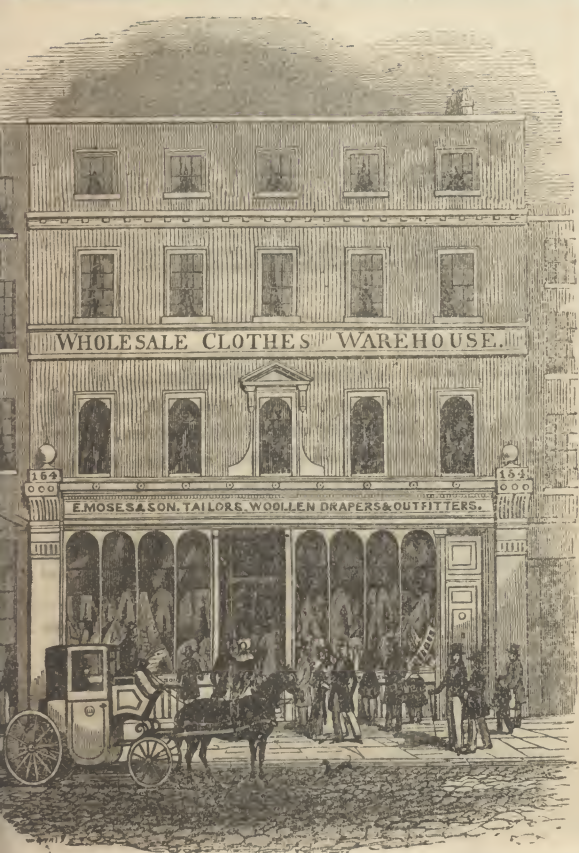
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8

E. Moses & Son's Establishment

DESCRIPTION OF THE PREMISES.

Proud from the earth, the noble structures rise,
While crowds behold them with admiring eyes.

The far-famed "Tailoring, Drapery, and Outfitting Establishment," in which we carry on our extensive wholesale and retail business, occupies two distinct sites, namely, that on the south side of Aldgate High Street, and that on the west of the Minories. There are, likewise, two distinct fronts, and two principal entrances, which, to a stranger, give it the appearance of two separate buildings. Such, however, is not the case. Through the skilful management of the building arrangements, these premises are as *one and the same structure*.

There is a free ingress and egress from one house to the other : and, in every respect, this Establishment (for we speak of it as one) is a vast range of contiguous premises, forming one entire and extensive whole.

The splendour and imposing aspect of that portion of the premises which fronts Houndsditch, and the Church of Saint Botolph, Aldgate, has long formed the

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9

The Eighth Wonder of the World.

magnet of attraction for thousands of admiring crowds. Such are the height, extent, and magnificence of this view of the structure, that the public pathways are daily thronged with observers—

Beholding, with astonish'd eye,
The noble structure's majesty.

The lower front of this part of the Establishment presents two wide and lofty windows, spreading out in a circular direction, and leaving an expanse of doorway, almost wide enough to admit of the cavalcade of the Lord Mayor, in his annual procession through the City. Above this is another glass front, sashed with long and massive rods of solid brass, and glazed with such broad sheets, that a stranger must shrink at the very idea of an accidental crash. This splendid front terminates in the form of an arch; and this again is surmounted by three smaller arches, the centre of which is occupied by a beautifully sculptured female figure with an eagle; which, of course, adds much to the aspect of this principal front.

The topmost part of the building is crowned with a heavy ballustraded parapet, supporting the Royal Arms in wrought stone; which (together with the other portions of the structure) form a scene of

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10

E. Moses & Son's Establishment

grandeur and beauty, never before equalled in commercial speculations. The other branch of our Establishment (154, *Minories*) though not quite so splendid in its arrangements as that which fronts Aldgate Church, is, nevertheless, an object of great public admiration. Here are the broad-sheeted windows, with their polished mahogany sashes—the spreading door way—the expanse and lofty height of its walls—with a variety of almost *ad infinitum* adornments which form a perfect contrast with the houses by which it is surrounded.

The proudest house, when once compared with this, Is nothing but an humble edifice.

On entering our famous Dépôt you will be equally struck at the surpassing magnificence of the arrangements.

Here you see long lines of beautiful counters, overhung by clusters of ground and flowered gas-globes, which, when lit up, present a bright, dazzling illumination worthy of gracing the splendid scenes of regal festivity. But to dwell upon *all* the objects of attraction, which grace the interior of this renowned emporium—to speak of the gilded cased compartments—the ranges of shelves—the counting-houses—the mar-

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11

The Eighth Wonder of the World.

bled pillars—the broad expanse of flooring—the various inlets and outlets—the long avenues—the flights of wide staircases—the bronzed images on the landings, supporting the gas branches—the reflecting glasses in the show-rooms—the swinging doors—the wax figures—the sky-lights and decorated ceilings—the immense rolls of woollen and other cloths—or the bustle and alacrity of the numberless servants which we employ—to dwell, we say, upon all these and numerous other objects, would require a description far too voluminous for our present limits. Suffice it to say, that the various objects upon which we have just touched, are such as to form a sight well worthy of public exhibition.

We shall therefore leave our readers to gratify their own curiosity, by availing themselves of the invitation which we give in our opening remarks: and we feel confident that there will be but one opinion with reference to the establishment of which we are so justly proud: viz.—that we have not in any way overrated it, in the description which we have given—and moreover, that it is justly deserving to be distinguished in commercial projects, as—

“The EIGHTH Wonder of the World.”

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12

E. Moses & Son's Establishment

Clothing, &c.

The origin of clothing, we conceive,
Can date its era to the days of Eve ;
For ancient history tells us that she wore
A fig-leaf apron never used before.
Since that eventful time, the art of dress
Has undergone improvement more or less ;
And now we have attained an age, in which
This useful art has reach'd a wondrous pitch.
And thus a striking contrast is presented,
Betwixt *our* garbs and those which *Eve* invented.

Whatever may be the extent and magnificence of our premises, the quality and prices of the articles which we have on sale are quite in keeping with the character of the building. But in order to give the Public some idea of our clothing, we shall, in a familiar manner, classify and describe a few of the goods which we have continually to offer those who may favour us with their patronage.

As the autumn and winter seasons necessarily call for a change of apparel, we have made it our especial business to meet the wishes of the community in this respect. We have now on hand every possible description of autumn and winter attire ; but, as these are so extensive and diversified, we shall consider them separately in succeeding pages.

Don't give in, while I'm away ;

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13

The Eighth Wonder of the World.

"GREAT" OR "OVER COATS."

Hail, winter friends! how snugly warm!
How welcome to the shivering form
Amid a ruthless "pelting" storm!

In this useful article of Winter Attire we have introduced a variety of ornamental and serviceable alterations; besides embracing the various changes which the general fashions have made.

"Russians" or "Fur Coats."

Though Winter rave, and cause a mighty stir,
He cannot penetrate "a coat of fur".
That choice companion of the traveller.

The essential utility of "Russians" or "Fur-Coats," is beyond question; as the natural property of the fur (from which they are partly composed), is resistive of the severest inclemencies. Price from **£2 2s.**

The "Taglioni."

This looks genteel on any body's form.
And is the very thing to keep one warm.
For tall or short, for corpulent or boney,
There's nothing like a famous "Taglioni."

These Coats are so well known that a description would be superfluous. We have them in all their variety and quality. Price from **9s. 6d.**

To achieve this, the Proprietors have not scrupled to enlist the first available talent, both in Literature and art, and the consequence has been a declaration of public opinion in their favour, and the recorded encouragement and welcome of the whole provincial press.

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14

E. Moses & Son's Establishment

The "Albert."

This garb has obtained a remarkable fame,
And has never been known to dishonour its name.
'Tis a "*princely*" apparel, as ev'ry one knows,
And is famously suited for rains, winds, or snows.

This is a species of waterproof sleeved cape; lined with oiled silk. It is the *vade mecum*, (or, in plain English, the constant companion) of travelling gentlemen, &c. Price from **£1 15s.**

The "Chesterfield."

When winds blow bleak and vapours fall congeal'd,
How warm, how comforting a "Chesterfield!"

This useful appendage is made in the form of a cloak with sleeves; and, from the fact of its lapping over several inches, is highly beneficial in warming and comforting the chest in cold seasons. They are made with velvet collars, &c. Price from **10s. 6d.**

The "Codrington."

When Boreas raves, or any windy scolders,
How snug a "Codrington" about one's shoulders.

The principal difference betwixt this and the "Chesterfield" is the latter being lined through and fitting to the back. Price from **15s.**

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15

The Eighth Wonder of the World.

The "York Wrapper."

If you want, gentle reader, to buy a "York Wrapper,"
Of Moses & Son you may purchase a "cupper."

This bears a great similarity to the "Taglioni," but is made
suitable for riding by opening in the back skirt, &c. Price,
from 16s.

**"Napiers," "Pea-Coats," and
"Pilots."**

The "Napier"—the "Pilot"—and the "Pea-Coat,"
Each one of these would make a famous sea-coat.

READY MADE.

Mens' Winter Coats.

Pea Coat..... from	0 9 0	Russian Peltoes, Silk	1 5 0
American ditto	0 12 0	Velvet Collars from	
Blue Chesterfield vel-	0 10 6	Petersham Coats	0 15 0
vet trimmed		Ditto Over ditto	0 17 6
Ditto a better quality	0 15 0	Superfine dble. milled	1 12 0
Indigo dye		Cloth Great Coats..	
Ditto with Silk Velvet		Extra fine ditto	2 2 0
Collar & Cuffs, a very	1 6 0	A double Breasted	0 15 0
superior article		Beaver Codrington	
Arab ditto Velvet	0 14 0	Ditto a superior article	1 0 0
trimmed		in every variety	
Fashionable Blue	0 9 6	York Wrapper in every	0 16 0
Taglioni		colour and shade ...	
Ditto a better quality	0 12 6		
edged, &c.			
Ditto in every variety			
in plain and mixed	0 18 0		
Beavers with Velvet			
Collars, Cuffs, &c. ...			

N.B. The above can be had made to measure at
proportionately low prices.

Boys' Winter Coats.

Taglioni	from 0 6 0
Chesterfield.	0 7 0
York Wrapper	0 10 0

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E. Moses & Son's Establishment

"CLOAKS."

"Cloaks" do not serve alone to keep us warm,
But likewise throw a grace around the form.

In these graceful and serviceable portions of Winter Clothing, we have made a decided improvement, by preventing them from dropping off the shoulders, as is too often the case. We have them in all their qualities and varieties, made after the newest introduction of fashion.

Prices of Cloaks.

Plain Cloth, from	1 3 0		Blue Military Spanish	2 8 0
Opera ditto	1 15 0		Best Superfine ditto ..	3 3 0
Waterproof Camlets, &c. &c., proportionably low				

Prices of Youths' Cloaks.

Camlet, lined .. from	0 6 0		Cloth, lined from	0 11 6
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TROUSERS.

There's a fault in the making of some peoples' Trousers,
Which makes them split open whenever you bow, Sirs.
Now those of the Moses' are so very pliant,
That they would not rip up with the bend of a giant.

These indispensable requisites, we have in almost unheard-of variety and abundance. We have made it our especial business to suit the requirements of the Autumn and Winter seasons in this article of dress; besides forming them upon the most approved plans for riding, walking or dancing.

Don't give in, while I am away,

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17

The Eighth Wonder of the World.

Prices of Trousers.

MADE TO MEASURE.

Doeskin	0 10 0	Cotton Crd. Breeches	0 8 0
Superior ditto	0 16 0	Woollen do. do.	0 14 0
Ditto Best quality..	1 1 0	Cassimere (any col.)	0 15 0
Cassimere ditto....	0 15 0	Best ditto.....	1 2 0
Do, Best Black Dress	1 6 0	Cassimere Gaiters .	0 7 6

READY MADE TROUSERS.

Black Cloth	} 0 9 0	Plaid and Striped	} 0 12 0
Trousers from		Cassimere, from	
Any Color	0 9 0	Woollen Tweed	} 0 4 6
Superior ditto..	0 14 0	lined to bottom	
Doeskin ditto....	0 10 0	A Superior article	} 0 7 0
Buckskin in every	} 0 9 0	strongly recom-	
variety		mended.....	—

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GENTS' MACINTOSH COATS.

"Gents' Macintosh Coats," are a species of dress
Which we greatly excel in (as all must confess).

These most convenient Articles are sold (in every
make and quality) at 30 per cent. lower than the
lowest charges of the lowest houses.

To achieve this, the Proprietors have not scrupled to enlist the first available talent, both in Literature
And art, and the consequence has been a declaration of public opinion in their favour, and the recorded
encouragement and welcome of the whole provincial press.

When this beautiful work is considered in all its details—the talent and skill of the artists—the elabo-
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its paper, and, unlike all other newspapers, is well worthy of preservation, forming, as it does, a splendid
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18

E. Moses & Son's Establishment

VESTS or WAISTCOATS.

A gentleman never seems perfectly dress'd,
Unless he is clad in a suitable "Vest."

Perhaps there is not an article in the whole of our extensive stock so deserving of attention as the Vests which we have constantly on sale. With every attention to fashion, and the introductions of the Continental markets (*where our Agents are ever busily employed*), we can furnish these articles as follows:—

Waistcoats made to Measure.

Rich Washing Satins, warranted to retain their colour.....	0 9 6		Splendid Satin Vests..	0 11 0
Winter and Summer Vests, 7s. each or three for	1 0 0		Or three for	1 10 0
			Cassimere ditto, from ..	0 8 0
			Fine ditto	0 9 6
			Genoa Velvet, from ..	0 18 6

Ready made Vests.

Roll Collar... from	0 1 9		Splendid Persian from	0 5 0
Ditto with removable gilt studs	0 2 9		Rich French Thibetts	0 9 0
Fasha ^{ble} . Buff Valencia	0 3 9		Rich Silk Vests ...	0 6 0
Ditto London Printed, elegant patterns ...	0 4 0		Ditto Splendid Satins of novel colour and design..... from	0 8 6
Do. Scarlet Lastings	0 3 0		Ditto Rich Silk Velvet	0 12 0
Ditto ditto figured Valencia and Toili- nettes	0 2 6		Ditto ditto Plush, &c.	0 13 0
			Ditto Black Cloth	0 4 6
			Ditto ditto Cassimere	0 6 6

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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON

19

The Eighth Wonder of the World.

“DRESS COATS.”

Some make their “coats” to wear, and some to fit;
But *Moses’ coats* have every requisite.

TO MEASURE.

Super	1 12 0	Imperial, usually called } 2 10 0
Saxony	2 2 0	best
		First and best

READY MADE.

Dress Coat from	1 0 0	Extra Super, a Su- } 1 15 0
Extra ditto	1 8 0	perior Coat .. from

Nota Bene!

No additional price is charged for edging and finishing off a coat in the first style.

—00000—

“FROCK COATS.”

These articles of dress, when once you wear,
Attract, delight, and captivate the fair.

MADE TO MEASURE.

Sup. Frock Coat	1 12 0	Imperial Sup. Frock } 2 15 0
Saxony ditto	2 2 0	Extra Imperial Saxony, } 3 3 0
Imperial ditto	2 10 0	Best Manufactured }

READY MADE.

Capital Frock .. from	1 4 0	Extra Super, a Splen- } 1 19 0
Extra fine	1 12 0	did Coat from

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20

E. Moses & Son's Establishment

BOYS' CLOTHES.

Rejoice! Rejoice! ye youthful ones,
We've piles of Clothes for *rising sons*,
Let all who have the care of Youth,
Attend to this important truth.

We would direct the particular attention of the public to our stock of Boys' Apparel.

READY MADE.		MADE TO MEASURE.	
Tunic Suit neatly	0 16 0	Hussar Suit..... from	1 8 0
Braided from	1 1 0	Do. superior quality —	1 15 0
Do. a superior quality	1 1 0	Tunic Suit, handsomely	1 10 0
Hussar Suit, consisting		Braided —	
of Jacket, Vest, and	0 17 0	Do. superior quality	1 18 0
Trousers		faced with Silk.. —	
Do. a superior quality —	1 1 0		

— 00% 00 —

BLOUSES

Go where you will, examine all the houses,
You'll never meet with such a Stock of Blouses.

Jean, Holland, Grand	0 2 3	Very superior Winter	0 11 6
Drill, diagonal &c. from		and Summer Coat..	
Ditto superior quality	0 3 6	Anglo Saxon Cloth,	
„ very best ditto	0 4 6	Merinoes & Water-	
Victoria ditto, ex-		proof Tweed, an	
presly Manufactured	0 5 6	Exquisite Gentle-	0 8 6
for them		manly & novel ar-	
Winter and Summer		ticle (registered) from	
York wrappers	0 7 6		

N. B. We have introduced, and are now introducing, numberless alterations in the texture and make of the above articles.

~~Give a minute. Don't give in, while I am away,~~

Published Weekly, Price 6d. Stamped,

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21

The Eighth Wonder of the World.

"Sporting Coats."

'Tis amazing to see how the gents of the sport,
Are supplied at the Moses' famous resort.

These clothes are manufactured in a manner which must ensure the patronage of all Sporting Gentlemen. Price at 8s. 12s. 15s. and 25s.

"LADIES' RIDING HABITS."

One principal good in the Moses' trade is,
Their wonderful method of pleasing the Ladies.

Summer Cloth Habits, { 2 0 0	Superfine Cloth do. do. 3 10 0
with $\frac{1}{2}$ train	Extra do. do. do. 4 10 0
Ditto Cashmere	2 15 0

** Every attention to ease and grace is observed in these choice species of female attire.

"UNIFORMS,"

NAVAL, MILITARY, AND INDIA.

What is that which gives courage to soldiers and sailors?
Why, a suit from the Moses'—those notable tailors:
There is not a man that would shrink from his gun,
With uniform purchas'd of Moses and Son.

50 per Cent. is gained by contracting with us for these articles, with every attention paid to the required regulations of particular services, &c.

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E. Moses & Son's Establishment

“LIVERIES.”

With footmen and coachmen, with grooms and with pages,
The clothing of Moses and Son all the rage is:
When drest in *our* suits they are much better able
To attend on their masters—to wait at the table,
Or to manage the daily concerns of the stable.

PAGES.

	£	s.	d.
Cloth Suit	1	7	0
Refine do	1	10	0
Super do	1	19	0

GROOMS.

Refine Coat, Vest, and Breeches	3	0	0
--	---	---	---

COACHMEN.

Refine Coat, Vest, and Breeches	3	6	0
Super	3	16	0

FOOTMEN.

Refine Coat, Vest, and Breeches	2	15	0
Super	3	5	0

GAMEKEEPERS.

	£	s.	d.
Shooting Coat, Vest, and Breeches	1	6	0
Superior ditto	1	14	0
Very best do. Manufac- tured	2	5	0

SUNDRIES.

Coachman's Plain Great Coat	2	6	0
Superior Quality	2	18	0
Footman's Great Coat	2	4	0
Superior Quality	2	14	0
Stable Suits ... from	0	18	0
Round Waiting Jack- ets ... from	0	5	0
Ditto ditto Coatees —	0	11	6

* * Made in a superior style, and with every appendage, &c.

THIRTY ENGRAVINGS IN EACH NUMBER, THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON

23

The Eighth Wonder of the World.

MECHANICS' SUITS,

For Working, &c.

We do not study those alone
In fashionable circles known,
But with an equal care regard
The honest man who labours hard.

MEN.

Jean Coats	0 5 6
Beaverteen ditto	0 8 0
Flannel Linsey Jack- ets	0 2 7
Beaverteen ditto	0 3 6
Moleskin ditto	0 5 6

TROUSERS.

Fustian Trousers from	0 1 10
Beaverteen ditto	0 3 0
Moleskin ditto	0 4 6
Superior ditto	0 5 6
Cloth-finished ditto, a better looking article.	0 6 6
Plain and Fancy Can- toon ditto	0 5 0
Ditto Drill ditto	0 5 0
Plain and Fancy Gam- broon	0 5 9
An endless variety of plain and fancy Win- ter and Summer Trousers, which defy description, from ...	0 5 0

BOYS.

Jean Jackets ... from	0 2 3
Beaverteen ditto	0 2 9
Moleskin ditto	0 3 3
Cord ditto	0 3 6
Cloth ditto	0 8 6

SUITS.

Moleskin Suits from	0 3 9
Cord ditto	0 4 0
Geneva Twist Cord do.	0 5 6
Do. Hussar do. Jacket, } Vest and Trousers—}	0 9 0

TROUSERS.

Fustian Trousers from	0 1 3
Ditto, lined	0 2 0
Cord ditto	0 2 9
Fancy ditto, in endless variety	0 3 6
Cloth ditto, lined	0 8 0
Cloth & Figured Wool- len	0 6 6

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E. Moses & Son's Establishment

"MOURNING," ETC.

Sad is the time when stern affliction rends
The silken bonds of relatives and friends:
And 'tis a duteous honour when we show,
An *outward* symbol of our *inward* woe.
Nay 'tis but right that such a sad event
Should change the garment while the heart is rent.

As the use of "Mourning" is mostly called for at a time of extreme family affliction; and as in itself, it is an extra expense in domestic economy; we have made our articles reasonable to an almost unheard of extent, as will be seen from the following low prices:—

A suit of Mourning, Coat, Vest, and Trousers.	1 16 0	Best do do	2 12 0
Boys' do do		Boys' do do	1 1 0
Superior do do.	2 2 0	Do. superior quality	1 6 0

**N.B. ORDERS EXECUTED AT
FIVE MINUTES' NOTICE.**

THIRTY ENGRAVINGS IN EACH NUMBER, THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON

25

The Eighth Wonder of the World.

OUTFITS.

—00%00—
When the seaman comes to us to "rig out" his form,
He finds himself fitted to "weather the storm."
—00%00—

In a city like London, situated on the banks of a commercial river—and at a time like the present, when our fellow-countrymen are continually emigrating to foreign shores, a vast "Outfitting Emporium," like that of which we are the Proprietors, must be a great public acquisition. The following are a few of the outfitting goods, at most astonishingly low prices:

Cot
Mattress and Bolster
Pillow
Blankets Sheets
Pillow Cases
Counterpane
White Shirts
Coloured Shirts
Shirt Collars
Black Silk Neckkerchiefs
Ditto Stocks
White Pocket Handkerchiefs
Colored ditto
Towels
Night Caps
Hair Net Caps
White Hose
Cotton Drawers
Lambs' Wool ditto
Flannel Vests
Lambs' Wool ditto
Dressing Gowns
White Jean Jackets
Ditto ditto Trowsers
Ditto Drill ditto
Ditto Musquito ditto

White Jean Vests
Clothes Bags Carpet do.
Braces
Stiffeners
White Cotton Gloves
Leather ditto
Cachemere Suits
Foraging Caps
Travelling ditto
Hat—Round Hat Box
Boots
Shoes
Candles
Soap
Brushes
Boot Jack
Blacking
Lamp and Oil, &c.
Looking Glass
Cabin Wash Stand, Furniture
complete to form a Table
Folding Chair
Tooth & Hair Brushes
Shoe Ribbon
Needles, Thread, &c.
Stationery
Sea Chest.

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26

E. Moses and Son's Establishment

SHIPPERS, &c.

We are not known on land alone,
But Ocean bears our name;
While distant shores receive our Stores,
And echo with our fame.
In north and south, and east and west,
Our noble Firm erects its crest.

Shippers and Merchants will find that purchasing of us will enable them to realise a saving over ordinary dealings of at least

60 per Cent.



Our trade is ever making new disclosures.
We now are open to the world as "Hosiers."
And when our "Hosiery" is once beheld,
You'll say, good folks, it cannot be excell'd.

Our "Hosiery Ware-rooms" comprise every possible article in that line; and like the other branches of our Establishment, stand unrivalled in qualities and prices.

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"YEARLY CONTRACTS."

We do not business in a narrow sphere,
But enter into Contracts by the Year.

In order to accommodate our business to the circumstances of each profession in society, we are in a position to contract Yearly according to the following terms.

—00000—

Best Quality made.

	£	s.	d.
Two Suits best Wool-dyed, West of England	8	0	0
Three ditto ditto	12	0	0
Four ditto ditto	15	15	0

Second or Super.

	£	s.	d.
Two Suits, any colour	6	10	0
Three ditto	9	10	0
Four ditto	12	10	0

NOTA BENE.

Each *old suit* it is expected will be returned on the receipt of a *new one*: unless the customer shall have contracted for three or four suits, in which case, the use of *two suits* is invariably allowed.

To achieve this, the Proprietors have not scrupled to enlist the first available talent, both in Literature And art, and the consequence has been a declaration of public opinion in their favour, and the recorded encouragement and welcome of the whole provincial press.

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E. MOSES and SON have discover'd a treasure,
In their wonderful method of taking "Self Measure."

To those of our customers who may live at a distance, the following plan of "Self-Measurement" will be more than valuable.

Directions for Coat.

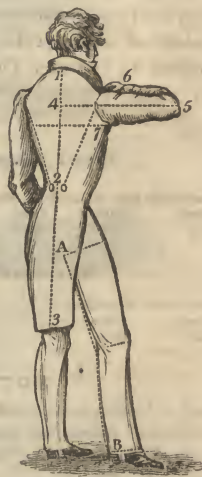
From 1 to 2 and on to 3 for full length; from 4 to 5 for elbow point, and to 6 for Sleeve length; round the arm at 5, and wrist at 6; round the breast at 7, and waist at 2.

Vests.

From 1 over the Shoulder to Vest length in front, with Breast and Waist measure as instanced in Coat measure-ment.

Trousers.

Full length from top at the hip to B; from A to B for length between the legs; round the Waist, and round the bottom at B, as desired; giving $\frac{1}{2}$ inches will ensure a correct fit.



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—00000—

If perchance we should fail to give full satisfaction,
We return you your money, and that to a fraction.

—00000—

THE RETENTION OF CASH ONCE PAID, is a rule, to which tradesmen in general, almost invariably adhere: WE, however, are happy to depart from this regulation, and to be numbered among the *honorable exceptions*.

"*Pro bono Publico*" is our favourite motto, and in order to act strictly up to this, we engage to return monies paid, provided the goods purchased do not give the fullest possible satisfaction. Nay; if customers request the return of their Cash, *without assigning any reason for so doing*, we always comply with their wishes *immediately*, gladly returning payments of whatever amount, and that without question.

N.B. This establishment closes at Sunset on Friday Evening, resuming business after Sunset Saturday Evening until 12 o'clock.

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Concluding Observations.

We do not seek for that which is not just—
A quick return of profit is our trust.

Having perused the foregoing pages, together with the lists of our articles and prices, the reader will, no doubt, be ready to ask why it is that we in particular are enabled to trade at a rate so much lower than the ordinary charges for the same species and qualities of clothing? To this we reply, in the first place, *that our VAST CAPITAL* enables us to command, at pleasure, the best and cheapest produce of the choicest markets, together with the numberless minor benefits which the advantage of trading with ready money is almost certain to yield.

The use of money, in commercial speculations, is all but omnipotent; and to this the public may, to a great extent, attribute those amazing offers which are daily held out at our extensive Depôt. Another advantage which we have, and which enables us to carry on our trade at such a small modicum of profit, is, that speedy return of cash with which the public at large have so flatteringly favoured us. We have placed our principal reliance, as to the success of our vast speculations, in this quick replenishment of capital and profit: and so far from meeting with any thing like disappointment, we have been favoured beyond all precedent or

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conceivable extent. Now this is not our *ipse dixit*, or "mere assertion." Any individual who may have had an opportunity of seeing the vast crowds of purchasers continually flocking into our lengthy apartments, must at once have seen, (and must do us the justice to confess,) that the public patronage has been obtained to an almost unlimited extent by our unrivalled competition.

It is not an uncommon circumstance for our warehouses and show-rooms to be so thronged as to be at times completely obstructed; presenting thus the novel appearance of an extensive holiday fair. What with the hurrying to and fro of the shopmen—the flocking in of the throngs of purchasers—the unfolding of clothes—and (though last not least) the constant ring of the three species of coin—copper, silver and gold—what with all these gratifying combinations, our warehouse presents a scene of unexampled success, not looked for even in our most sanguine anticipations.

From such marked favours we draw this consolation—that we have undoubtedly established a business on a certain basis, which we shall ever maintain.

In returning to the public our sincere thanks for these pleasurable attestations, we cannot but acknowledge the difficulty of the task. The public have bestowed upon us patronage for which we feel we can never prove sufficiently grateful.

Under ordinary circumstances, a mere *pro forma* expression of thankfulness might suffice—but the debt of gratitude

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which we owe the public is not easily defrayed. We will endeavour, notwithstanding, to pay off *some* of the amount which we have incurred; and if the debt be not *wholly* liquidated, we shall be comforted with the consolatory thought of having done our best towards its defrayal.

We shall make it our endeavour *still* to serve the ends of the public weal as we have hitherto done—we shall *still* furnish them with those articles which have redounded so much to our credit—we shall *still* abide by those low charges which have astounded such thousands of purchasers—and we shall, in every respect, bestow that attention on our far-famed Emporium, which will *still* ensure for it the *ad captandum* title of

"The *EIGHTH* Wonder of the World!"

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This fact is a source of mingled gratitude and pride;—of pride, because no expedients of imposition—no mean subterfuges have been resorted to, but a stand has been made upon the simple merits of a system which its proprietors have only now to study to improve into as much perfection as a newspaper can attain. To THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS the community are indebted for the first combination of all the varieties of public intelligence, with the fertile and exhaustless resources of the Fine Arts—the development of a new and beautiful means of extending and confirming the interests of society over all the topics within the circle of its life and action—the giving brighter presence and more vivid and palpable character and reality to every salient point and feature in the great panorama of public life.

And in the cementing of this new and happy union, the Editor of this Newspaper has sought no adventitious aids to attain his purpose of success. He has not pandered to the prejudices of the high, nor the passions of the lower orders of society,—he has avowed the countenance of no party in the state or among the people, but taking the high ground of neutrality, has contented himself with the advocacy of justice, morality, and truth—to raise the standard of public virtue—to palliate the distresses of the poor—to aid the benevolence of the rich—to give a healthy moral tone to the working of our social system—to uphold the great principles of humanity—to promote science—encourage belles lettres and beaux arts—foster genius and help the oppressed—in a word, to enlist all the nobler influences which impel the progress of civilization and tend to dignify the character alike of nations as of men. This should be the enlarged purpose of the honest public journalist, and to take its humble part in the promotion of such purpose is the cherished and avowed ambition of THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

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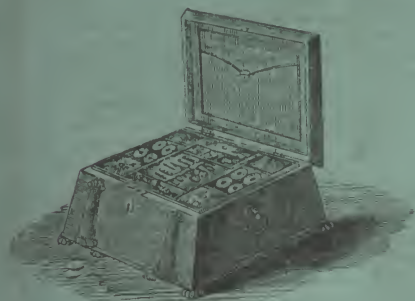
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CASES, NETTING & JEWEL BOXES, HAND & POLE SCREENS,

Work-Tables, Table Inkstands,

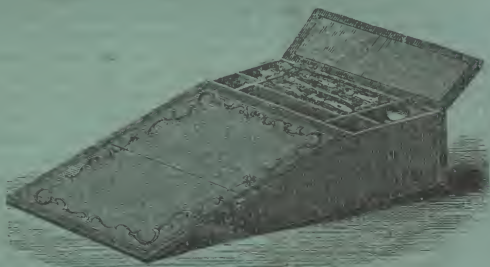
Portfolios, Note & Cake Baskets, Ladies' Cabinets, Visiting Card & Playing Card Boxes,
Tea Caddies and Ladies' Companions.

All the foregoing are in Papier Maché, superbly and tastefully ornamented with Landscapes, Figures,
Birds, Flowers intermixed with Pearl Buhl; forming an UNRIVALLED STOCK in that department.

CATALOGUES MAY BE HAD GRATIS.



LADY'S WORK-BOX, WITH FITTINGS.



LADY'S WRITING-DESK, WITH FITTINGS.



GENTLEMAN'S DRESSING-CASE, COMPLETE.



TRAVELLING WRITING-CASE AND COVER.
Some of these are combined with a Dressing-Case.



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